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The Nation.

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BAYARD RUSTIN'S FLAWED HEROISM
Randall Kennedy

THE SOUL OF CAPITALISM
William Greider

IN CANCÚN, FREE TRADE IS WAR
Naomi Klein

BLOOD IN THE WATER

LED BY DEAN, THE DEMOCRATS ATTACK

by John Nichols

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LETTERS

Letters

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

American Rebels and You...

We received much mail on "American Rebels," our Independence Day issue from the forthcoming Nation Books release edited by Jack Newfield [July 21/28]. The response was overwhelmingly positive, although some found the choices controversial and many nominated their own rebels (some of whom will indeed be in the book), to wit: Russell Means (and a list of "noncitizens" that included Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, Geronimo, Cochise and ten more Native Americans), Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Lennie Tristano, Martin Luther King Jr., Fannie Lou Hamer, Ella Baker, the Berrigan brothers, Helen Woodson, Ernest and Marion Bromley, Dave Dellinger, Maurice McCracklin, A.J. Muste, Juanita and Wally Nelson, Sojourner Truth, Zora Neale Hurston, bell hooks, Gloria Anzaldúa, Chela Sandoval, Alice Walker, June Jordan, Maxine Hong Kingston, Randolph Bourne, Lucy Parsons, William Sylvis, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Barrows Dunham, Clarence Darrow, W.E.B. Du Bois, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Herbert Biberman, Eugene McCarthy and William Kunstler.

—The Editors

Seattle

■ When Jack Newfield's book *American Rebels* is published, I'll be handing it out to my kids (all adults) and their friends. What a lode of inspiration! Thanks, Jack, and to all the writers, for a brilliant shaft of sunlight through the gloomy clouds! JEREMY SMITHSON

Bridgewater, Va.

■ I am pleased to know that I am not the only sixties survivor who still believes in the ideals that many of us supported then. Thank you, Jack. I feel better now. R.D. MARTIN

New York City

■ Do you know why so few young people read your magazine? Ask yourselves, What does everyone on the cover of the excellent "American Rebels" issue have in common? They are all dead. Next time, I suggest a cover of leading activists under the age of 30. If the editors are too old or too stuck in the 1960s antiwar/civil rights era to know any, call me. I am 27. I'll put a list together for you. Everyone knows about Bob Moses, Miles Davis and Walt Whitman. I want to know about Jeremy Scahill, Jeff Guntzel, Vivien Labaton.

NICHOLAS G. ARONS

We are pleased to report that Bob Moses is alive and well—and that learning from history has nothing to do with your age. —The Editors

New York City

■ We hear Walt Whitman singing, too—opera, that is. As Americans of Italian heritage, we are proud that this most American of poets drew his inspiration from Italian opera. Attending free outdoor concerts in New York, Whitman fell in love with the bel canto works of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and early Verdi. Whitman's description of tenor Cesare Badiali can also serve as a vivid self-portrait: "a big, coarse, broad-chested feller, invested, however, with an absolute ease of demeanor; a master of his art—confident, powerful and self-sufficient." As Whitman said, "But for the opera, I could never have written *Leaves of Grass*." BILL DAL CERRO

Italic Institute of America

New York City

■ What an amazing piece on I.F. Stone! Doing research on Izzy, I was impressed by his confidence and intellect. The late Edith Tiger told me, "Izzy was never afraid to admit publicly that he'd been wrong." For example, he'd gone to Palestine in 1947 to write a glowing book about the Haganah and the creation of a place for Jews, who'd been "hurt by bullies of Europe." But as soon as he learned of the way the Palestinian Arabs were being treated, he incurred the wrath of Zionists, many of whom had been his supporters, by coming out in favor of a binational state. A man who briefly joined the Communist Party while in high school, Izzy had a lingering soft spot for socialist experiments. But after visiting the Soviet Union in the 1950s he said, "These are not honest men." SUSAN BRAUDY

Vancouver, BC

■ There is an odd omission from your tribute to I.F. Stone's integrity and independence: his turnaround on Israel. No sooner was the 1967 Arab-Israeli war over than Stone began to criticize Israel's actions and morals. He was well ahead of most journalists in this regard. RICHARD BEVIS

New York City

■ I.F. Stone was not only an outstanding journalist but also a good historian. I am particularly grateful for his groundbreaking book *The Hidden History of the Korean War.* Published in 1952, it is still one of the best books on the subject. It exposed the "axis of evil" of the time: MacArthur, Rhee and Chiang. JOHN KIM

Newbury Park, Calif.

■ This quote from Izzy seems scarily apropos today, but it also seems like classic Izzy: "Now, government lies, but it doesn't like to lie literally. Because a literal, flat and obvious lie tends to be caught up. So, what they do is, they become the masters of the disingenuous statement, of phrasing something in such a way that the honest, normal and unwary reader gets one impression—that he is supposed to get. And then, three months later, when he discovers it's not true and he goes back to complain, they say, 'That isn't what we said. Look at it carefully.' You look at it carefully, and sure enough, it was really double-talk, it didn't say exactly what you thought."

MITCHELL J. FREEDMAN

New York City

■ The Women's Environment and Development Organization is proud to see our founder, Bella Abzug, on the cover of *The Nation*. Now more than ever we need Bella's vision and truth-telling in the face of the Bush Administration's extreme right-wing organizing at home and its imperialist ambitions abroad. WEDO continues Bella's fight for gender equality and social justice. WEDO is challenging the negative impacts of globalization on women and the poor, and demanding a US foreign policy that respects multilateralism and advances peace and human rights. As Bella always said when I was her legislative assistant in Congress, "We must each wear the hat of an advocate. Never hesitate to tell the truth. Never give in. Never give up." JUNE ZEITLIN

Executive director, WEDO (www.wedo.org)

New York City

■ There's more to the story of Bella Abzug's run for mayor of New York. In 1976 Bella gave up her safe seat in the House to run for the Senate (slogan: "A woman's place is in the House—and the Senate") and came in second with 35 percent of the vote. Third and fourth were Ramsey Clark and Paul O'Dwyer, with a combined 20 percent. Do the math; what might have been... Jimmy Carter, for whose election Bella had worked like hell, treated her like crap, and she went looking for a job. Hence, the mayoral try. ELLEN COHN

Stockholm

■ As a jazz musician, I should be glad one of our number was included in your pantheon of American rebels, but my heart sank when I saw it was establishment icon Miles Davis. A middling trumpet player who did have a fine knack for putting a band together and a genius for self-promotion, this guy did more to take the spark of joy out of jazz than anybody I can think of. And jazz sure has its joyous rebels: Louis Armstrong, who sang "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead" on the radio to the Southern sheriff who'd detained his band that day, and who bucked Eisenhower at considerable personal expense after Little Rock; or Lester Young, who suffered cruel ridicule at the hands of musicians for his strange new sound (soon enough

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EDITORIALS

Bush's Unreality Show

Competing in prime time with a docudrama celebrating his heroics after the attacks of September 11, 2001, George W. Bush delivered a Sunday-night speech to his fellow Americans on the situation in Iraq. In the Showtime docudrama, *DC 9/11*, conservative scriptwriter Lionel Chetwynd has the President saying things like, "If some tinhorn terrorist wants me, tell him to come and get me. I'll be at home." In the September 7 address, White House speechwriters have Bush saying things like, "We are rolling back the terrorist threat to civilization, not on the fringes of its influence but at the heart of its power."

As in the docudrama, Bush's speech confused propaganda with truth, fiction with history. He omitted the failure to find weapons of mass destruction. He did say that Iraq "possessed and used" these weapons, which was true in the 1980s but not in 2003. He claimed that the United States had "enforced" the "clear demands" of the United Nations Security Council "in one of the swiftest and most humane military campaigns in history." He did not mention that the Security Council had opposed the war or that civilian deaths are estimated at between 6,000 and 10,000.

Bush presented only the latest bill for the war—$87 billion. He did not say that in constant dollars, according to *USA Today*, the military effort is costing as much per month ($5 billion) as the Vietnam War. Or that the government will spend more in Iraq next year than on education—just one example of the price Americans will pay for Bush's folly.

Bush did not mention that Saddam Hussein's ouster, rather than dealing a blow to Al Qaeda, was followed by a rise in terrorism in Iraq and an influx of jihadists primed to strike at the United States, or that the war may have succeeded in uniting Baathist secularists and Islamic fundamentalists, something even Saddam couldn't do. Bush claimed terrorist attacks "are invited by the perception of weakness." To avoid them we must uphold US "credibility"—a clear road map to Iraqmire.

To help pay the bill he's run up, Bush had the nerve to ask UN members to live up to their "responsibility," i.e., send money and troops. This is the same UN that he deemed so useless that the United States was compelled to invade Iraq, in effect, unilaterally.

Right now Iraq badly needs the UN's expertise in nation-building and humanitarian work. We favor placing these projects under UN control, with the United States and Britain shouldering the financial costs, as occupying powers are obligated to do under international law. The UN is also experienced in peacekeeping, again badly needed in Iraq. We favor the creation of a peacekeeping force in which US troops serve under a UN commander, thereby assuring Iraqis that their interests, not ours, are paramount. In both cases it is crucial that such efforts are not perceived as providing a UN fig leaf for a US political and economic agenda in Iraq. As we've said before, true internationalization would require turning the governing of Iraq over to the UN and a multilateral force, and then to the Iraqi people, in a timely manner.

Bush must be held accountable. Instead of claiming, as Defense Secretary Rumsfeld did the day after Bush's speech, that those who criticize US policy on Iraq are causing the terrorists to "take heart," the Administration's architects of war must level with us about their objectives and the associated costs. America cannot afford both a war and tax cuts for the rich. Indeed, in addition to repealing the tax cuts already enacted, the Administration should propose an excess-profits tax on corporations reaping benefits from the war and its aftermath.

The prospect of these things happening may seem remote. But pressure by those opposed to the war and the occupation, Bush's eroding popularity as he faces re-election, and growing questions about whether America is any safer have already forced a tactical shift that acknowledges that a go-it-alone policy won't get us out of the current mess. The pressure and questions must continue.

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COMMENT

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Why Estrada Went Down

A few hours after Miguel Estrada withdrew his name for a judgeship on the Court of Appeals for the Washington, DC, Circuit, a leading Senate liberal was asked about the meaning of the two-year fight. "Estrada was a sacrificial lamb," this senator, who had helped slaughter him, said. "The White House wants the fights as much as they want the judges. This is partly about Karl Rove thinking these judicial fights will help get out the vote from the Republican Party's base next year. We keep getting sent these nonmainstream judicial nominees as part of a political strategy to excite the Christian right and the antiabortion fanatics."

The next day Nan Aron, the president of the liberal Alliance for Justice, said almost the same thing about the vote on Estrada, whose refusal to disclose his beliefs or his memos angered members of the Senate Judiciary Committee. "This is base politics for Bush," she said. "He will use the bad judges we stop as a wedge issue next year. They want martyrs. They also want extreme judges to remake America through the federal judiciary. Karl Rove sees this as a win-win situation for the White House."

But Bush and Rove may be miscalculating. There is no evidence the prolonged conflict over Estrada's nomination penetrated the consciousness of the Latino voters the GOP is trying to woo.

NATION NOTES

The Nation has a new look to go with our rising circulation. Avenging Angels, an advertising firm that works for progressive causes and that is responsible for our "celebrity reader" subscription campaign, will be designing our covers starting with this issue. As we welcome Avenging Angels, we thank Open design studio and Scott Stowell, its head, who have created more than 200 *Nation* covers. The covers have won awards from the American Center for Design, the American Institute for Graphic Arts and the Society of Publication Designers, among others.

In accordance with his expanded role at the magazine, copy chief Roane Carey assumes the title of senior editor, dividing his time between editing and copy chief duties.

We welcome back from leave Patricia J. Williams, whose "Mad Law Professor" column resumes this week.

* * *

With the launch of our new Online Access Program, we can now offer subscribers access to the entire contents of each week's issue online at no extra cost. Every letter, column, editorial, article, essay, poem and review will be available the day after it is published. Read *Nation* editorials earlier and e-mail *Nation* articles to friends, family, foes and legislators. Go to www.thenation.com with your magazine subscription label in hand and click on the underlined word LOGIN in the upper-right-hand corner of the home page. It will take about two minutes to complete your one-time-only registration.

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COMMENT

Meanwhile, Senate liberals who opposed Estrada and William Pryor of Alabama, another pending Bush nominee, are being attacked as "anti-Catholic." A group called the Committee for Justice, chaired by C. Boyden Gray, counsel to Bush Senior, aired commercials in Maine and Rhode Island that showed a locked courthouse door and a sign reading, CATHOLICS NEED NOT APPLY. This slander has also been insinuated by Senator Orrin Hatch (a Mormon) and Senator Jeff Sessions (a Methodist). Boyden Gray is an Episcopalian. Four of the five most liberal members of the Judiciary Committee are Catholics: Ted Kennedy, Patrick Leahy, Joe Biden and Richard Durbin. In New York, the leader of the Conservative Party, Mike Long, has openly accused Senator Charles Schumer of "anti-Catholic bias."

This sort of nativist religious warfare is creating its own backlash. Even the right-wing *New York Post* published a column by Eric Fettmann on August 13 defending Schumer and rebuking Long. But similar gambits have proved successful in the past. In the 1980s Sessions, then an Alabama chief federal prosecutor, was rejected for a federal judgeship because of his fanatical views. He used this martyrdom at the hands of "liberals" to excite the Christian right and get elected to the Senate. Pryor is Alabama's current attorney general; his nomination will be filibustered, and he may think his defeat will propel him, like Sessions, into the Senate.

The opposition to Pryor began over his calling *Roe v. Wade* "the worst abomination of constitutional law in our history" and ending a speech with a prayer for "no more Souters"—a blast at Republican Supreme Court moderate David Souter. But Judiciary Committee Democrats are now probing Pryor's fundraising role with the Republican Attorneys General Association, of which he is a founder and past president. RAGA raised $424,000 from tobacco and other corporations regulated by these attorneys general, which was then transferred to the Republican National Committee, a subsidiary of which donated $100,000 to Pryor's campaign for attorney general.

The Republican charges of "obstructionism" contrast with the fact that Democrats have confirmed 145 out of 149 Bush nominees (compared with the Republicans' record of preventing fifty-four Clinton nominees from even getting a hearing or a vote). And hints from Senators Bill Frist and Rick Santorum about changing the rules governing filibusters are just more raw meat for the base: If the GOP can't muster sixty votes to stop a filibuster, it can't get the votes to tinker with the Senate's historic rules.

With the Democrats unified, and with the Senate divided 51-48-1, more judicial wars seem inevitable. But the liberal senators really have no choice if they take seriously the need to seek philosophical balance on the courts and to avoid biased ideologues—thus, their opposition to Estrada, Pryor, Priscilla Owen (a Rove protégée from Texas) and the recently nominated Brett Kavanaugh, a principal author of Ken Starr's final report.

The 2004 presidential election will be the true test of Rove's polarization premise. It will be up to the Democrats' base of minorities, unions and women to show they care as deeply about abortion rights, the Bill of Rights, privacy and separation of church and state as the radical right cares about recriminalizing abortion, making America a Christian nation and rolling back affirmative action.

JACK NEWFIELD

Jack Newfield, a senior fellow at the Nation Institute, recently won the American Book Award for The Full Rudy *(Nation Books).*

CALVIN TRILLIN

TO OLD EUROPE FROM THE LAST REMAINING SUPERPOWER: A POLITE REQUEST FOR HELP IN IRAQ

Well, yes, we may have used the word "appease."
We may have called you weenies who munch cheese.
But now we're asking nicely for your aid—
To help clean up the awful mess we've made.
We'll run the show, of course. We always do:
We can't take orders from the likes of you.

Children Left Behind

In his State of the Union speech this past January, President Bush appeared to make a compassionate gesture toward children with incarcerated parents when he proposed an initiative that would include a three-year, $150-million program to provide them with mentors. Because this group of roughly 2 million children has virtually no political weight or representation, the attention to their plight was welcome. I became one of those children in 1981, when I was fourteen months old. My mother, Kathy Boudin, was sentenced to twenty years to life; my father, David Gilbert, seventy-five to life, in New York State maximum-security prisons.

Like many young children with parents in prison, I suffered from a range of developmental and behavioral problems, including petit mal, a childhood form of epilepsy, and abnormal difficulty learning to read. According to the Administration for Children and Families, children in this situation are less likely to succeed in school and more likely to have problems with substance abuse, gangs, early childbearing and delinquency. There are 2 million prisoners in the United States—the highest per-capita incarceration rate in the world—and more than 55 percent of men and 60 percent of women in prison are parents. The country's prison boom has thus torn apart families (most of them African-American or Latino) and punished increasing numbers of children for their parents' crimes.

Bush's mentoring program represents at best a misguided approach to dealing with this problem. Often mentors compete with and undermine the crucial relationship between children and their incarcerated parents, only to disappear when the program ends. While some mentoring programs have proven long-lasting and effective, many have little or no positive impact and

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may divert attention, time and resources from more substantial needs (although in the end, even Bush's vaunted mentoring initiative received only $10 million in funding from Congress, less than $5 per child, per year).

After my parents' arrest, I went to live with friends of theirs, who already had two sons, but I stayed in close contact with my biological parents. Rarely did I get to see either of my incarcerated parents more than once a month. Although the visiting room is the main place where children can directly interact with parents, some prisons do not even allow contact visits, and most that do permit them do not provide a child-friendly environment. The difference between my mom's and my dad's prisons illustrates both the dismal norm and what is possible in its place.

Great Meadows Correctional Facility, where my dad spent the better part of a decade during my childhood, does not have a visiting room that facilitates family relationships. In the room, with its cold cinderblock walls and long, wide tables separating inmates from visitors, contact is virtually impossible. After stretching across the table for a hug at the beginning of the visit, I had to spend the remaining time in a plastic chair across from my father. As a 9-year-old, I could not sit still and have a conversation for hours on end. I wanted to play games, sit on my dad's lap, listen to him read to me. There were never any toys, games or activities. Nor was I permitted to bring any in with me. There was nothing for kids to do. Under those grim circumstances, I had to try to build a relationship with my father.

On the other hand, Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, where my mom has spent nineteen of her twenty-two years behind bars,

In Fact . . .

TAKING MCCAIN-FEINGOLD TO COURT

■ The Supreme Court held an extraordinary four-hour session of oral arguments to consider the Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act. Few press reports noted how little has changed in politics since George W. Bush signed the law a year and a half ago. Soft-money contributions to the federal political parties, which ballooned to nearly $500 million in the 2000 election, have been banned, but that hasn't prevented everyone from Tom DeLay to Harold Ickes from forming supposedly independent committees that are expected to raise and spend hundreds of millions on the 2004 elections. Millions more will no doubt flow through state and local party committees, with the goal of affecting federal contests. Has the new law done anything to enhance the role of small contributors? In 2000 the percentage of federal campaign money raised from small donations (less than $200) shrank to 18 percent, from 31 percent in 1996. Two-thirds of Bush's funding in the 2000 primaries came from people writing $1,000 checks. Now, individuals can give as much as $2,000 to a candidate. So far, three-quarters of Bush donors have written him $2,000 checks. According to the Center for Responsive Politics, the average contribution to major candidates for President in 2004 ranged from $598 for Dennis Kucinich to $1,520 for Bush. The Court should uphold McCain-Feingold, but only full public financing of elections can bring about real change in the campaign finance system.

STATIC ON BIG MEDIA MERGERS

■ *From John Nichols:* Since FCC chair Michael Powell forced through six rule changes favored by big media on June 2, the House has voted 400 to 21 for a bill that would overturn a rule permitting one company to own television stations reaching 45 percent of US homes, and Senate committees have moved to gut that rule and one that would allow a single company to buy up the major newspapers and television and radio stations in a city. With millions of Americans telling Congress to reverse all the rules—more than 200,000 people signed a "roll back the rules" petition promoted by Free Press and MoveOn.org over two days in early September—the fight will intensify now that Congress is back in session. Foes of the rule changes found an ally in the Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. On September 3 a three-judge panel unanimously stayed implementation of Powell's new rules, "pending thorough and efficient judicial review."

THE JOB DRAIN

■ *Matt Bivens writes*: In February the White House Council of Economic Advisers predicted that tax cuts would create 510,000 jobs by the end of this year. According to the Economic Policy Institute, instead of gaining 344,000 jobs in August, we lost 93,000. "Since the recession began 29 months ago in March 2001, 3.3 million private sector jobs have disappeared," EPI notes. "This is the largest sustained loss of jobs since the Great Depression." The good news: The Bush Administration is not insensitive. It will fund free universal healthcare for 25 million citizens—Iraqi citizens, that is [see Bivens's "The Daily Outrage" on our website at www.thenation.com].

ALL BOOKED UP

■ John Hess, author of *My Times: A Memoir of Dissent*, was cheered by so many lefty titles on the *New York Times* bestseller list: Al Franken's *Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them*, Joe Conason's *Big Lies*, Jim Hightower's *Thieves in High Places*. Paperbacks: Barbara Ehrenreich's *Nickel and Dimed* and Barbara Kingsolver's *Small Wonder.* The only hard-right title on the nonfiction list is Ann Coulter's *Treason*—if you can call it nonfiction.

NEWS OF THE WEAK IN REVIEW

■ Jeff Holmstead, the former industry lobbyist who's in charge of the EPA's office of air and radiation, let his employees leave early for Labor Day in recognition of a week's "good work"—issuing a rule preventing power plant owners from having to upgrade pollution equipment, relaxing air-pollution standards and denying a petition to regulate CO_2 emissions from cars and trucks. "I hope you all enjoy your much-deserved long weekend," Holmstead said. (Al Kamen, *The Washington Post*)

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COMMENT

is one of the best prisons in the country, and the visiting room shows it. It has a child-friendly, stimulating environment with a portion of the visiting room dedicated to a carpeted and cheerfully painted "children's center." The children's center has games, toys, blocks, paper and pens, pillows, books—everything useful for normal mother-child interaction.

By age 4, I was building relationships with both my incarcerated parents through visits, letters and phone calls. For families torn apart by parental incarceration, each visit entails expensive travel, time off from work and school, and red tape. Phone calls from prison are pricey long-distance collect calls with added "security" charges; our phone bill often topped $300 per month. Even letter-writing presents its challenges: Weak literacy skills on either or both ends can make letters impossible, and stamps cost well more than the 25 cents an hour inmates are paid for their work in prison.

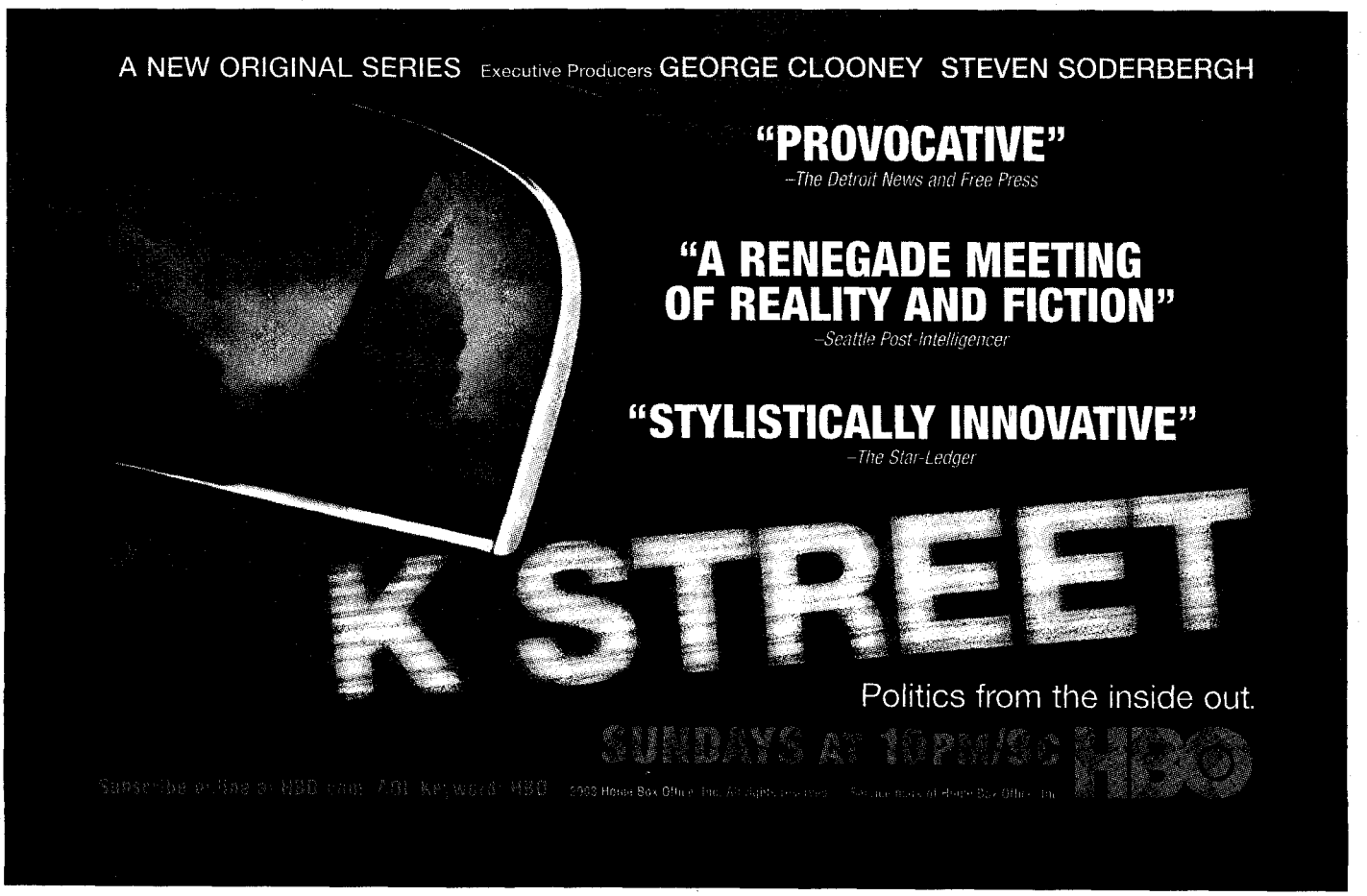
Children need help building and maintaining strong relationships with incarcerated parents. For me, it required money and an extensive support network, which are rarely available to children whose parents are in prison. But it is possible to help them by developing overnight visiting programs, providing transportation and, as at Bedford Hills, creating visiting facilities for children.

The federal government is moving in just the opposite direction. This past June, in *Overton v. Bazzetta*, the Supreme Court unanimously upheld Michigan Department of Corrections policies that severely limited visitation rights in state prisons. Some of these policies focused specifically on reducing the number of children visiting their incarcerated parents. The Court recognized that "letter-writing is inadequate for illiterate inmates and for communications with young children" and that "phone calls are brief and expensive," but ruled that "alternatives to visitation need not be ideal...they need only be available." The ruling goes further: Even "were it shown that no alternative means of communication existed...it would not be conclusive." This suggests that children do not have a right to a relationship with their parents and gives financially strapped state governments a green light to cut costs by slashing visiting rights.

Had they been in place when I was growing up, the policies upheld by the Court in *Overton* would have denied me the right to develop meaningful relationships with my incarcerated parents. It was those relationships that enabled me to overcome the array of challenges I faced as a result of my parents' incarceration.

Rather than terminating visiting rights as the Supreme Court allows, or placing our hopes in unproven and underfunded mentoring programs, state governments should cut costs and break the cycle of incarceration by promoting child-friendly reforms within prisons as well as effective alternatives to jail for nonviolent offenders and parents. The last thing children with incarcerated parents need is more rhetoric and empty promises. CHESA BOUDIN

Chesa Boudin, a Rhodes Scholar, is a recent graduate of Yale University. His mother, Kathy Boudin, has been granted parole and awaits release.



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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

'Behold, the Head of a Neocon!'

Beating up on neocons used to be a specialized sport without wide appeal. With all due false modesty I offer myself as an early practitioner. Back in the mid-to-late-1970s, when I had a weekly column in the *Village Voice*, I used to have rich sport with that apex neocon, Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*. I nicknamed him Norman the Frother and freighted him with so many gibes that he made the mistake of publicly denouncing me in his magazine, exclaiming that "Cockburn's weekly pieces have set a new standard of gutter journalism in this country," a testimonial I still proudly feature on the back of my books.

The neocons' political hero in those days was Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson, much venerated in Israel and the corporate offices of Boeing for his ardor and constancy in sluicing US taxpayers' money into their treasuries. But instead they got Jimmy Carter, who, on a couple of occasions, was downright rude to Menachem Begin. So the neocons abandoned the Democrats and threw in their lot with Ronald Reagan.

Now here we are on the downslope of 2003 and George Bush is learning, way too late for his own good, that the neocons have been matchlessly wrong about everything. The neocons told Bush that eviction of Saddam would rearrange the chairs in the Middle East, to America's advantage. Wrong. They (I'm talking about Wolfowitz's team of mad Straussians at DoD) told him that there was irrefutable proof of the existence of weapons of mass destruction inside Iraq. Wrong. They told him it would unlock the door to a peaceful settlement in Israel. Wrong. They told him that Ahmed Chalabi had street cred in Iraq. Wrong. They told him it would be easy to install a US regime in Baghdad and make the place hum quietly along, like Lebanon in the 1950s. Wrong.

And of course the neocons, who have never forgiven the UN for Resolutions 242 and 338 (bad for Israel), told Bush that he should tell the UN to take its charter and shove it. Bush, who appreciates simple words and simple thoughts, took their advice, and on Sunday night had it served up to him by his speechwriters as crow, which he methodically ate in his eighteen-minute speech, saying the UN has an important role in Iraq.

Now many are gloating at the neocons' discomfiture and waiting for their downfall. Click go Madame Defarge's knitting needles as she waits beside the guillotine. Here come the tumbrels, inching their way slowly through the rotting cabbages and vulgar ribaldry of Republican isolationists. Here's a palefaced Douglas Feith. Up goes the fatal blade, and down it flashes. Behold, the head of a neocon! The next tumbrel carries a weightier cargo: Richard Perle and Elliott Abrams. Still not enough. Madame Defarge knits on, and her patience is soon rewarded. Here come Wolfowitz and Rumsfeld, the latter defiantly jotting a coda to Rumsfeld's Rules. They are swiftly dispatched and the crowd moves off to torch *The Weekly Standard* and string up its editor, Bill Kristol.

Maybe not all of them, but some neocon will surely pay the price for dropping Bush's approval rating into the mid-50s. But will the basic neocon line, dominant for so long in Washington, suffer a dent? Not in any fundamental way. To appreciate this, one has only to look at the current posture of prominent Democrats. Are they glorying in Bush's embarrassment and the humiliating and costly disaster for the United States consequent upon its attack on Iraq? Take Senator Joe Biden. His immediate reaction to Bush's speech on Sunday was to insist that the President would need, and should get, more money than the $87 billion requested by the White House.

Then Biden gave the neocons a lesson in how to pay lip service to internationalism and "our allies": "What we need isn't the death of internationalism or the denial of our stark national interest. What I want to talk about today is a more enlightened nationalism that understands the value of international institutions but supports the use of military force—without apology or hesitation—when we must."

Study the zigzag rhetoric of Howard Dean and you find the same essential approach, though Dean has just outraged the neocons by calling for an "evenhanded" US role in any resolution of the Palestinian issue (a posture he arrived at, please note, after taking fire from the left for being a whore for AIPAC). On February 20, Katha Pollitt's antiwar candidate told *Salon* that "if the U.N. in the end chooses not to enforce its own resolutions, then the United States should give Saddam thirty to sixty days to disarm, and if he doesn't, unilateral action is a regrettable, but unavoidable, choice." The next day he said the UN had to do it. In June, at the Council on Foreign Relations, Dean said, "I would add at least 50,000 foreign troops to the force in Iraq. It is imperative that we bring the international community in to help stabilize Iraq. If I were President, I would reach out to NATO, to Arab and Islamic countries, to other friends to share the burden and the risks." Dean has made trenchant criticisms of Bush's rationale for the attack and of how it has been conducted, but he still proclaims, "Failure in Iraq is not an option."

With the exception of Dennis Kucinich, Al Sharpton and Carol Moseley Braun, no Democratic candidate is calling for anything other than that the United States "stay the course" in Iraq, with more money, more troops and, if possible, the political cover of the UN. Senator Kerry, who favored the US attack last spring, won't commit himself to supporting the request for $87 billion but adds carefully, "I believe we must do what we need to do" to bring peace to Iraq. Edwards still justifies his support for Bush's war. Don't even ask about Lieberman. A few neocon heads may roll, but the policy won't change. It's fun to demonize the neocons and rejoice in their discomfiture, but don't make the mistake of thinking US foreign policy was set by Norman Podhoretz or William Kristol. They're the clowns capering about in front of the donkey and the elephant. The donkey says the UN should maybe clean up after them, and the elephant now says the donkey may have a point. Somebody has to come out with a dustpan and broom. ■

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PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Send in the Clowns

DIARY OF A MAD LAW PROFESSOR

I was a child who, when taken to the circus, spent all her time trying to see past the greasepaint and illusion. "The flipper-footed man in the Raggedy Andy wig looks worried about something," I'd whisper to my mother. It was an exasperating trait in a child but much more useful now that I'm old enough to vote. Whenever an election turns into a three-ring circus, I cast my baleful eye upon the proceedings and wonder what's really going on in the heart that beats beneath the fright wig. In California, there's a doozy of a show being staged these days, a veritable medieval joust for the governorship, with big brass bands and colorful sideshows featuring the World's Strongest Man, the World's Smallest Man, tattooed contortionists in skimpy costumes and a stream of clowns that just keep pouring out of a little toy car. It's so entertaining that it's almost sacrilege to wonder what else might be on the ballot.

Until the first weekend of September, in fact, you'd have been hard pressed to find any media mention of Proposition 54, which would limit the state's ability to collect data pertaining to race, ethnicity and national origin. But that was when candidate and Lieutenant Governor Cruz Bustamante donated $3.8 million of his campaign chest to the effort to defeat the proposition. That much money always raises the volume, I guess. CRECNO, or the Classification by Race, Ethnicity, Color, or National Origin Initiative, prohibits such classification "in the operation of public education, public contracting or public employment." The measure also prohibits the gathering of data by "any other state operations" unless there is a specific legislative as well as executive finding of "compelling state interest." The only exemptions to the law are compliance with federal law, data about specific medical research and the "assignment of prisoners and undercover law enforcement officers" or other "law enforcement duties."

Proposition 54 is the brainchild of businessman Ward Connerly and the American Civil Rights Institute. Connerly, who wants to create what he calls "race-blind government," is someone whose name is almost invariably followed in news accounts by the phrase "who is himself black." This is usually followed by a short quote from Connerly proclaiming that he's not *only* black, but also white, French, Irish and Native American. It is paradoxical: Connerly's blackness is almost always mentioned as a kind of rhetorical nod to his "authenticity" in proclaiming the stigma thereof—and always with the coda labeling every last one of his ancestors, as though to imply that he's oh-so-much more interesting than mere labels can convey.

But if we really want to eliminate the stigma of race, it might be better to explore precisely the multiculturalism of Connerly's heritage—a heritage that is shared to some degree by virtually every African-American, by many Latinos, as well as by more "white" people than will ever be admitted. Troy Duster, president-elect of the American Sociological Association, which opposes the proposition, says, "It's perhaps easier for Americans to understand the continuing effect of apartheid in South Africa or the caste system in India than the lingering power of race at home. You don't do away with hundreds of years of stratifying practices just by saying, 'Let's not talk about it.' If this were farther away from home, maybe we'd understand it as merely masking a social phenomenon that has real centrifugal force."

Also called the Racial Privacy Initiative, Proposition 54 received modest attention late last year before dropping completely off the radar screen. In June 2002, I wrote in this column: "Eliminating official knowledge of race and ethnicity in the public sphere at first sounds like part of the same enterprise as eliminating Jim Crow laws.... In fact, however, 'racial privacy'...eviscerates essential civil rights enforcement mechanisms.... Ward Connerly insists that this measure will keep the state from 'profiling' its citizens. If one accepts that to most Americans 'profiling' connotes the unethical use of data to discriminate (as in Driving While Black), this conflation with the neutral act of data collection itself is tremendously misleading." Moreover, while the measure allows police to identify individuals by race, it provides no way for them to analyze crime trends by race. And it certainly provides no mechanism for analysis by other agencies charged with overseeing potential bias in police practices.

CRECNO is always described as barring "racial" data, but it also bars information about ethnicity and national origin. If "race" speaks primarily to historical and social forces—from housing patterns to rates of mortality from preventable causes—ethnic and geographic origin can be related to genetic risk factors for certain medical conditions. "It just doesn't make sense," says Troy Duster. "We're at a moment when scientists are mapping the genes of Icelanders, and when pharmaceutical companies are creating drugs supposedly tailor-made for African-Americans, yet we're eliminating the primary means of tracking the truth or falsity of such developments." The devastating impact of such a bar on tracking disease has led the American Public Health Association to oppose the measure in unusually strong terms: "People die prematurely because of inequalities in health care and health status.... We call on the people of California to consider the impact of this initiative on the health of their neighbors and loved ones and to reject it." The measure is also opposed by powers as diverse as Kaiser Permanente, the Anti-Defamation League, the Armenian American Medical Society, the Asian Pacific American Bar Association, the Sierra Club, the American G.I. Forum of California, Architects/Designers/Planners for Social Responsibility, La Raza Centro Legal, the League of Women Voters of California, the regents of the University of California—and, yes, even Arnold Schwarzenegger. Ordinarily, such broad opposition would be news in and of itself. But as of this writing, the media silence on the subject has been intriguing, particularly since what begins as initiative in California almost always goes national. In the absence of public debate, polls show that the measure is likely to pass by a very large margin indeed. ■

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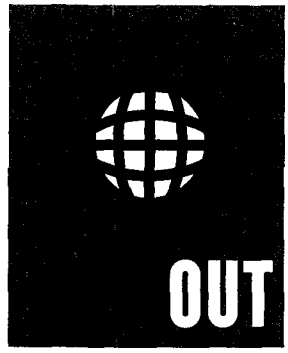
NAOMI KLEIN

Free Trade Is War



On Monday, seven antiprivatization activists were arrested in Soweto for blocking the installation of prepaid water meters. The meters are a privatized answer to the fact that millions of poor South Africans cannot pay their water bills.

The new gadgets work like pay-as-you-go cell phones, only instead of having a dead phone when you run out of money, you have dead people, sickened by drinking cholera-infested water.

On the same day South Africa's "water warriors" were locked up, Argentina's negotiations with the International Monetary Fund bogged down. The sticking point was rate hikes for privatized utility companies. In a country where 50 percent of the population is living in poverty, the IMF is demanding that multinational water and electricity companies be allowed to increase their rates by a staggering 30 percent.

At trade summits, debates about privatization can seem wonkish and abstract. On the ground, they are as clear and urgent as the right to survive.

After September 11, right-wing pundits couldn't bury the globalization movement fast enough. We were gleefully informed that in times of war, no one would care about frivolous issues like water privatization. Much of the US antiwar movement fell into a related trap: Now was not the time to focus on divisive economic debates, it was time to come together to call for peace.

All this nonsense ends in Cancún this week, when thousands of activists converge to declare that the brutal economic model advanced by the World Trade Organization is itself a form of war.

War because privatization and deregulation kill—by pushing up prices on necessities like water and medicines and pushing down prices on raw commodities like coffee, making small farms unsustainable. War because those who resist and "refuse to disappear," as the Zapatistas say, are routinely arrested, beaten and even killed. War because when this kind of low-intensity repression fails to clear the path to corporate liberation, the real wars begin.

The global antiwar protests that surprised the world on February 15 grew out of the networks built by years of globalization activism, from Indymedia to the World Social Forum. And despite attempts to keep the movements separate, their only future lies in the convergence represented by Cancún. Past movements have tried to fight wars without confronting the economic interests behind them, or to win economic justice without confronting military power. Today's activists, already experts at following the money, aren't making the same mistake.

Take Rachel Corrie. Although she is engraved in our minds as the 23-year-old in an orange jacket with the courage to face down Israeli bulldozers, Corrie had already glimpsed a larger threat looming behind the military hardware. "I think it is counterproductive to only draw attention to crisis points—the demolition of houses, shootings, overt violence," she wrote in one of her last e-mails. "So much of what happens in Rafah is related to this slow elimination of people's ability to survive.... Water, in particular, seems critical and invisible." The 1999 Battle of Seattle was Corrie's first big protest. When she arrived in Gaza, she had already trained herself not only to see the repression on the surface but to dig deeper, to search for the economic interests served by the Israeli attacks. This digging—interrupted by her murder—led Corrie to the wells in nearby settlements, which she suspected of diverting precious water from Gaza to Israeli agricultural land.

Similarly, when Washington started handing out reconstruction contracts in Iraq, veterans of the globalization debate spotted the underlying agenda in the familiar names of deregulation and privatization pushers Bechtel and Halliburton. If these guys are leading the charge, it means Iraq is being sold off, not rebuilt. Even those who opposed the war exclusively for how it was waged (without UN approval, with insufficient evidence that Iraq posed an imminent threat) now cannot help but see *why* it was waged: to implement the very same policies being protested in Cancún—mass privatization, unrestricted access for multinationals and drastic public-sector cutbacks. As Robert Fisk recently wrote in *The Independent*, Paul Bremer's uniform says it all: "a business suit and combat boots."

Occupied Iraq is being turned into a twisted laboratory for freebase free-market economics, much as Chile was for Milton Friedman's "Chicago boys" after the 1973 coup. Friedman called it "shock treatment," though, as in Iraq, it was actually armed robbery of the shellshocked.

Speaking of Chile, the Bush Administration has let it be known that if the Cancún meetings fail, it will simply barrel ahead with more bilateral free-trade deals, like the one just signed with Chile. Insignificant in economic terms, the deal's real power is as a wedge: Already, Washington is using it to bully Brazil and Argentina into supporting the Free Trade Area of the Americas or risk being left behind.

Thirty years have passed since that other September 11, when Gen. Augusto Pinochet, with the help of the CIA, brought the free market to Chile "with blood and fire," as they say in Latin America. That terror is paying dividends to this day: The left never recovered, and Chile remains the most pliant country in the region, willing to do Washington's bidding even as its neighbors reject neoliberalism at the ballot box and on the streets.

In August 1976, an article appeared in this magazine written by Orlando Letelier, former foreign affairs minister in Salvador Allende's overthrown government. Letelier was frustrated with an international community that professed horror at Pinochet's human rights abuses but supported his free-market policies, refusing to see "the brutal force required to achieve these goals. Repression for the majorities and 'economic freedom' for small privileged groups are in Chile two sides of the same coin." Less than a month later, Letelier was killed by a car bomb in Washington, DC.

The greatest enemies of terror never lose sight of the economic interests served by violence, or the violence of capitalism itself. Letelier understood that. So did Rachel Corrie. As our movements converge in Cancún, so must we. ■

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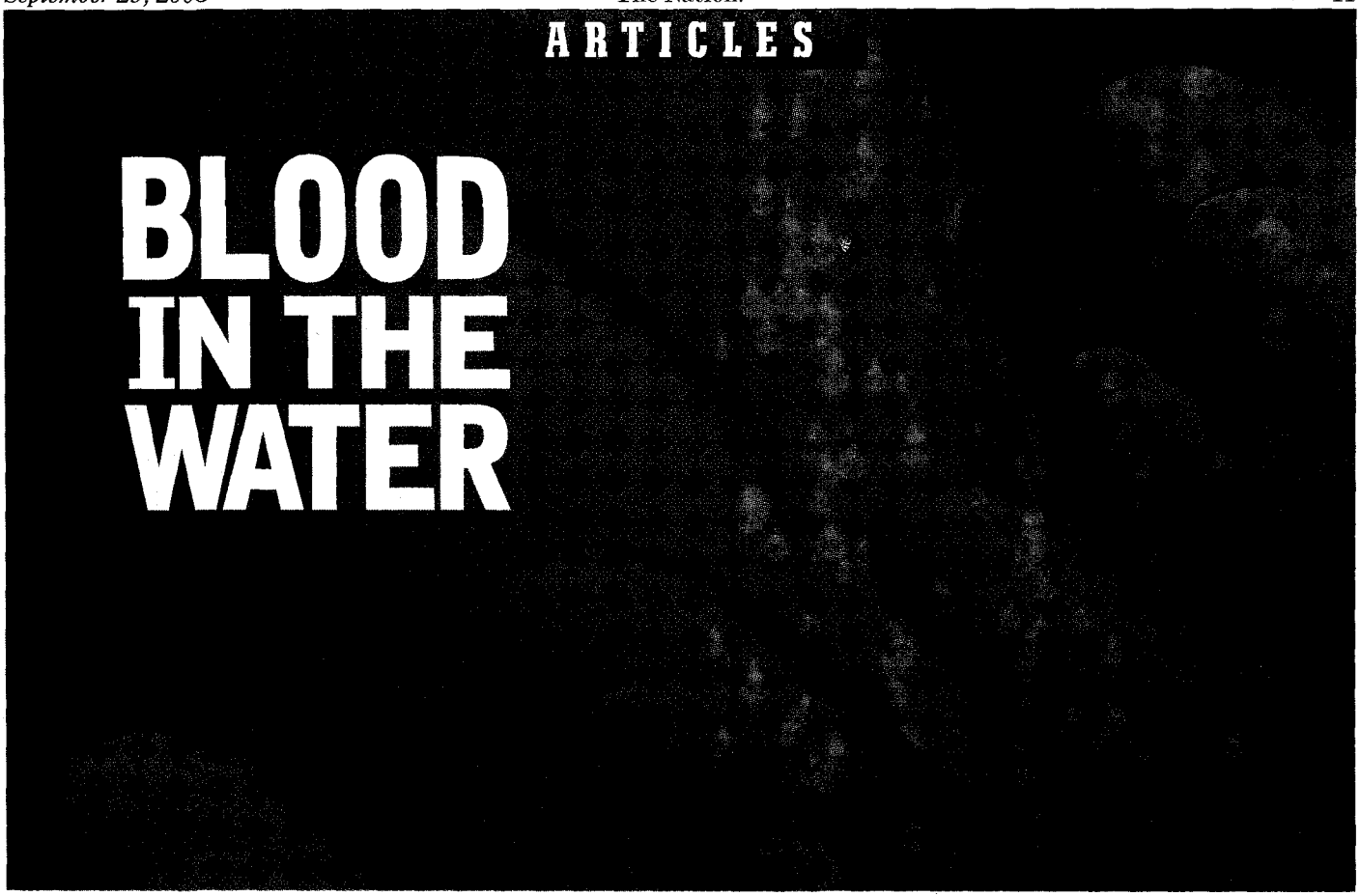

Led by Dean, the Democrats Attack

BY JOHN NICHOLS

After a summer of tending to the grassroots, the Democrats who aspire to their party's 2004 presidential nomination were busy harvesting support from key constituencies around Labor Day. Former House minority leader Dick Gephardt unveiled his twelfth endorsement from a major labor union, the 300,000-member Paper, Allied-Industrial, Chemical & Energy Workers. Senator John Kerry, who has waged a bilingual campaign to win over the burgeoning Latino voting bloc, secured the backing of former Housing Secretary Henry Cisneros and former Los Angeles mayoral candidate Antonio Villaraigosa. Former Senator Carol Moseley Braun pumped needed energy into her campaign by winning support from the National Organization for Women and the National Women's Political Caucus. Congressional Progressive Caucus co-chair Dennis Kucinich appeared with country singer Willie Nelson in the first-caucus state of Iowa, where the Farm Aid stalwart declared Kucinich the friend of the farmer.

But for all the political preening by the other contenders, only former Vermont Governor Howard Dean seemed to be gaining traction with the party's base. Indeed, Dean's tech-savvy campaign of mouse pads, meet-ups and moms-on-a-mission was flying so high that no one was paying much attention to the other candidates. Dean, who flavors his criticisms of the Bush Administration's war in Iraq with the extra salsa of righteous indignation, has struck a chord with Democrats. And with polls tracking the decline of Bush's once daunting approval ratings, the Vermonter is surfing the rising tide of opposition to a President who has failed to deliver peace in Iraq or prosperity at home. "We're gonna win," Dean told the cheering throngs at rallies on a furious coast-to-coast tour in late August. "We're gonna beat George Bush."

While the other candidates continue to position themselves as the progressive populist (Kucinich), the mainstream liberal (Kerry), labor's champion (Gephardt), the women's rights contender (Moseley Braun), the civil rights contender (the Rev. Al Sharpton), the vaguely Clintonesque Southerner (North Carolina Senator John Edwards) the serious senior senator (Florida's Bob Graham) or the Democrat even a Republican could love (Connecticut Senator Joe Lieberman), Dean is satisfied to run as the guy who really, really wants to put it to Bush. And grassroots Democrats—even those who know Dean's many flaws—are eating it up. "I like what Kucinich says. But this time, it's got to be pragmatism, pragmatism, pragmatism," says seriously progressive lawyer Amy Scarr, a Wisconsin Dean backer. "I just think Dean can win."

Drawing crowds of 5,000 in Portland, 10,000 in Seattle and at least that many in New York City, Dean's August rallies often had the feel of revival meetings. Dean volunteers describe themselves as political born-agains, delivered from disengagement by a self-

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help campaign in which supporters chant "We are Howard Dean!" "A year ago, I felt hopeless and helpless and discouraged as George Bush rolled his agenda through Congress," declared Melita Schuessler, a self-described "former political wallflower" who introduced the candidate in Milwaukee. "Now, because of the Dean campaign, I am full of hope."

To a greater extent than any other candidate, Dean has recognized that what Democrats want in 2004 is a Bush-bashing populist. And even if that is not who the buttoned-down former governor happens to be, he is having fun playing the part. "We're going to outwork George Bush, and this time, the person who gets the most votes is going to the White House," Dean yells, as his audiences chant "No more Floridas!" Like a white rapper from the suburbs sampling the sounds of the ghetto, the moderate Dean has grabbed the language of the left and turned it into applause lines. When he mentions Bush, Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld, he pauses, as shouts from the crowd identify the trio as "Liars!" At a Saturday-night rally in Milwaukee, a kid in a Che Guevara T-shirt stands to the side of the crowd waving a DEAN FOR AMERICA sign. In San Francisco, progressive mayoral candidate Tom Ammiano endorses Dean as the "courageous" candidate. In Iowa, liberal stalwart David Loebsack says, "On issues, of course, Kucinich is closest to me," but he is backing Dean because, as he puts it, Dean delivers the "red meat" better than any other candidate.

Loebsack, a political science professor who has met most of the candidates, is not naïve. "I am fully aware of Dean's past positions on many issues and the fact that in the mid-1990s he was in many ways the darling of the DLC," he explains, referring to the corporate-friendly Democratic Leadership Council, which now criticizes Dean as the George McGovern of 2004. "However, I believe he has moved significantly in a progressive direction in recent years, and especially since he began his run for the presidency."

Loebsack isn't alone in that assessment. Bob Muehlenkamp, the former organizing director for the Teamsters who helped pull together the US Labor Against the War movement, is now helping Dean round up labor support. Muehlenkamp had heard all the complaints about Dean's record. "Frankly, I was skeptical when the Dean people approached me. I had to be convinced," says Muehlenkamp. "But my experience of working with the guy has been a good one. I think his instincts are progressive, and I think he has been genuinely moved by the experience of this campaign. He recognized the anger at Bush—and at the Democratic Party's failure to challenge Bush—early on. He spoke to that, and the response was phenomenal. He's trusting his instincts. I think he's very genuine in what he is saying."

Will Dean continue to trust those instincts or tack to the center? "I can't say for sure," Loebsack acknowledges.

Dean critics say the tack to the center has already begun—the candidate recently told a Florida reporter he was not for easing sanctions on Cuba. But even as he has achieved the front-runner status that was supposed to temper his candidacy, Dean has retained his rhetorical populism. In fact, he is grafting on new messages to attract African-American and Latino voters to his disproportionately white campaign. A onetime free trader, he is reaching out to union members with a message designed to under-

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cut Gephardt and Kucinich, drawing cheers from Midwestern crowds with pledges to stop "shipping our jobs to China."

That's not a new line on the campaign trail. Gephardt's been working this turf since 1988. And Kucinich's denunciations of NAFTA, the WTO and permanent most-favored-nation trading status for China are more passionate and precise than anything heard from Dean. Yet Dean is getting cheers at union gatherings, just as he continues to draw the Democratic activists, the poll numbers and the campaign contributions—he is on track to raise more than $10 million this quarter, a fundraising record, and the money is flowing so fast that Dean aides talk about rejecting federal matching funds so they can overshoot fundraising limits that go with the grants. Pols who once dismissed Dean's rise as a temporary venting of Democratic frustrations have pretty much given up on suggesting that his campaign has peaked.

For all the grumbling from the DLC about his being "unelectable," Dean has pulled himself up from the asterisk level to the front covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. And, Loebsack notes, when he went to a Dean "meet-up" in August, he found that many in the room were Independents and some were Republicans. In Minnesota, State Senator Scott Dibble, a progressive Democrat who was close to the late Senator Paul Wellstone and who now co-chairs Dean's campaign in that state, credits Dean's web-savvy campaign for bringing thousands of new people—especially young voters—into the process. "I just think that what Dean has done so far suggests that he knows how to put together a campaign that will build the Democratic base, and that's what we need to do if we're going to beat Bush," says Dibble. "Dean's gotten this far by running a campaign that's smarter, better at organizing and better at going after Bush. That's a big part of why I'm with him."

'Dean's gotten this far by running a campaign that's smarter, better at organizing and better at going after Bush.' —State Sen. Scott Dibble

Dean's success has made him the prime target of his competitors, even as they attempt to match his Bush-bashing—as several did during the September 4 debate. After trying to graft some of Dean's anti-Bush anger onto their tepid stump speeches—as if reading a script, Gephardt declared, "To beat this President, we have to be bold"—the other Democratic contenders started to recognize that rhetorical flourishes would not be enough to slow the bandwagon of an emerging front-runner. Kerry, who now trails Dean by twenty-one poll points in New Hampshire and who has fallen to third place in Iowa surveys, "re-launched" his campaign in early September—positioning himself as a fighter unafraid of throwing jabs in Dean's direction. Gephardt, who had hoped labor support would carry him into contention, has been stung by suggestions from union leaders that he needs to stir a little Dean-style excitement at the grassroots; this in turn has led Gephardt's camp to take some of the sharpest shots at Dean's less-than-stellar record on issues such as free trade. "Howard Dean was one of the leading governors to support NAFTA and even attended the initial White House ceremony with Canadian and Mexican leaders in 1993," read a Gephardt campaign statement issued after more than 100 Iowa union activists signed a Labor Day newspaper advertisement backing Dean. Following his delivery of an early August speech that portrayed Dean as too liberal, nowhereman Joe Lieberman ended the month by attacking Dean from the left on issues such as protecting Social Security.

As the Democratic competitors geared up for fall television campaigns in early primary and caucus states, several recorded ads attacking Dean—though they kept the ads on hold, fearing that, like Lieberman's criticisms of Dean's antiwar stance, these hits would only enhance the Vermonter's standing. Aides to Kerry and Gephardt quietly acknowledge that their candidates continue to suffer slippage at the grassroots because of their votes last fall to authorize Bush's use of force against Iraq. "If Kerry had voted against the resolution, the race would be over," said a Kerry staffer. "Without the war, Dean's got nothing. But, because he opposed the use-of-force resolution, he says he's the only Democrat with the guts to oppose Bush. Of course, he has to ignore Kucinich."

Dennis Kucinich did not merely vote against the use-of-force resolution; the Ohio Congressman played a central role in organizing Congressional opposition to the war. He has been a far more steadfast foe of Bush's policies at home and abroad than Dean. Yet, while Dean has ridden an antiwar stance from obscurity to front-runner status, Kucinich remains in the doldrums, polling near the bottom of the field in Iowa and New Hampshire, virtually unnoted by the national media and struggling to raise the money he will need to match the first-tier contenders in the fall's TV ad wars. While Moseley Braun and Sharpton, both consistent progressives, have been slow to mount serious efforts nationwide, Kucinich really has tried—visiting Iowa repeatedly; winning endorsements from Barbara Ehrenreich, Ed Asner and Ani DiFranco, and a kind word from Ralph Nader; running second to Dean in the MoveOn.org "virtual primary"; and raising enough money to build basic campaign infrastructure from Maine to California. "It's bizarre. Dennis is out there mounting a genuinely progressive campaign," says Steve Cobble, a veteran aide to the Rev. Jesse Jackson who now advises Kucinich. "Yet the media keep calling Dean the progressive, the liberal, even though Dennis is the one taking the progressive positions—just as he is the one who has taken political risks to advance them."

Cobble has a point. It is Kucinich who has fought the hard fights against the Bush Administration in Congress—frequently going against the party leadership in exactly the manner Dean backers say Democrats should. As co-chair of the Progressive Caucus, Kucinich has led challenges to the Bush Administration not just on the war but on nuclear disarmament, military spending and the Patriot Act. Even now, while Dean supports keeping US troops in Iraq, Kucinich calls for bringing them home. While Dean says he represents Paul Wellstone's "democratic wing of the Democratic Party," there are few issues on which Kucinich cannot claim to be a truer heir to Wellstone's progressive populist mantle.

Where Dean's record on farm and food policy issues is, at best, mixed, Kucinich is the chief sponsor of Congressional legislation to label genetically modified foods, and he was an ally of Wellstone in struggles to break up the agribusiness conglomerates. While Dean has a history of supporting open-ended free-trade agreements, Kucinich has worked as hard—sometimes harder—than Gephardt to defeat them. In this campaign, it is Kucinich

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more than any other contender who has forced issues of militarism and globalization into the debate, with plans for slashing the Pentagon budget and ending US participation in NAFTA.

Even on the social issues where conservative commentators portray Dean as the embodiment of liberalism, it is Kucinich who goes for the bold. While Dean gets credit for signing Vermont's "civil union" law for gays and lesbians, it is Kucinich who supports gay marriage. While Dean has a much longer and better record of support for abortion rights, Kucinich is the candidate who promises to appoint only prochoice jurists to the federal bench. Dean supports the death penalty in some cases; Kucinich is an abolitionist. Dean has in the past embraced proposals to raise the retirement age; Kucinich has fought with the fervor of an old New Dealer to expand Social Security protections. While Dean, a physician born to privilege in New York City, shies away from embracing single-payer healthcare reform, saying, "If you want to totally change the healthcare system, I'm not your guy," Kucinich, the working-class kid from Cleveland who has gone without healthcare coverage in his life, is a passionate advocate for a national program to guarantee healthcare coverage for all. At the end of August, Kucinich told cheering delegates at the United Electrical workers union convention in Pittsburgh, "Unless a Democratic candidate is willing to step forward and challenge this [healthcare] system, he has no business carrying the banner of this party."

'I don't mind being characterized as a "liberal"—I just don't happen to think it's true.'
—Howard Dean

Kucinich has found allies among progressives who know Dean. Ben Cohen, co-founder of the Vermont-based Ben & Jerry's ice cream concern and a prominent advocate for progressive causes, is an outspoken Kucinich backer. So is Vermont's poet laureate, Grace Paley, a leader of Feminists for Kucinich. Vermont's Independent Congressman, Bernie Sanders, while he is not making an endorsement in the Democratic race, praises Kucinich at town meetings. Qualms about Dean among progressives in his home state are a reflection of the fact that during more than a decade as Vermont's chief executive, he rarely governed from the left. Echoing Bill Clinton's moves at the federal level, Dean was a cheerleader for welfare reform who balanced budgets by making painful cuts in state programs. Dean brags on the campaign trail about signing his state's civil-union legislation but doesn't mention that he did so only after the state Supreme Court effectively ordered the change. And Dean's coziness with corporations and conservatives helped inspire formation of the Vermont Progressive Party, a coalition of labor, farm and social-justice activists that won almost 10 percent of the vote for activist Anthony Pollina's 2000 challenge to Dean.

In a 2002 interview, given as he launched his presidential campaign, Dean was asked about criticism from Vermonters. "The Progressives hate me because they're all big liberals and I'm not, and I've stopped them on many occasions," he declared. Dean continues to tell interviewers that he is no man of the left. "I don't mind being characterized as a 'liberal'—I just don't happen to think it's true," he said in February.

What Dean's opponents fail to understand, however, is that no candidate will overtake Dean merely by pointing out his inconsistencies. His supporters are not blind to their man's weaknesses; rather, they are awed by his strengths: a willingness to blister Bush, and a campaign that seems fluid and flexible on the surface but that is in fact exceptionally disciplined, with plenty of money and even more momentum. If Dean is to be displaced, it will be by a candidate who does a better job of convincing grassroots Democrats he or she will give Bush no quarter and, when the opportunity comes, deliver the knockout blow. Nicholas Johnson, a former FCC commissioner who now teaches at the University of Iowa, argues that Kucinich, not Dean, is best positioned to turn anger at Bush into a progressive populist force capable of attracting disaffected Democrats and Greens to the polls. And he maintains that there is still plenty of time for Kucinich to capitalize on the one-on-one politics of Iowa, where Kucinich backers say "a Dean supporter is a Democrat who hasn't heard Dennis speak."

But the force that slows Dean, if it exists, might well come from elsewhere. Bush's sliding approval ratings and the volatility of a primary contest where predictable front-runners have already been swept aside makes the race appealing to latecomers. Former Vice President Al Gore is delivering policy addresses, and New York Senator Hillary Clinton is reportedly re-examining her options. While odds are against either of them leaping into the race—absent a deadlocked Democratic convention—retired Gen. Wesley Clark could yet get in. The morning line on Clark is that his candidacy could doom Kerry, since the Massachusetts senator has made his status as a Vietnam veteran central to his electability argument. But Clark's appeal to grassroots Democrats has more to do with his critiques of Administration policy in Iraq and the sense that, as a former Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, he might be the Democrat best positioned to knock the legs out from under Bush's "national security" appeals. That makes him a threat to Dean as well as to Kerry. Already, Clark is polling better than several of the announced candidates in Iowa and New Hampshire. When "Draft Clark" volunteers began to engage Dean backers at farmers' markets and county fairs in late August, they delivered a message that might yet frustrate Dean as much as he has frustrated the other contenders: "Sure," the Clark enthusiasts explain, "Dean sounds good on the issues, but Wesley Clark can win."

More than anything else, those two words—"can win"—set the standard for a Democratic base. Stung by the tepid campaigns mounted by their party in 2000 and 2002, activists started looking for a candidate who was ready to fight in 2004, and Howard Dean made himself that candidate. Critics keep trying to say he has peaked too soon, but so far he's gone from strength to strength. And that ability to keep coming out on top has given him a mystique that seems to matter more to a lot of Democrats than ideological consistency. At the late-August Communications Workers of America convention in Chicago, Dean drew the sort of thunderous applause usually reserved for endorsed candidates. "I know we disagree with Dean on some things, but you just get a sense that this guy has a plan to win the nomination and beat Bush," said a top CWA official. "And, when you get down to it, beating Bush is what this is all about." ■

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A TRANSFORMATION OF WALL STREET'S CORE VALUES IS POSSIBLE, USING FINANCIAL TOOLS.

The Soul of Capitalism

WILLIAM GREIDER

If capitalism were someday found to have a soul, it would probably be located in the mystic qualities of capital itself. The substance begins simply enough as personal savings and business profits, then flows like oxygen through labyrinthine channels into the heart and muscle of economic life. Once set in motion, the surplus wealth (Marx provocatively called it "stored labor") becomes one of capitalism's three classic factors of production, alongside human labor and nature (the land and resources consumed to make things). Capital puts up the money to build the factory, buys the machines and pays the company's bills until its goods are produced and sold, thus yielding the new returns that pay back the lenders and investors with an expected increase. It is not simple, but that is the essence.

KAREN CALDICOTT

Given the vast wealth of the country, the financial system forms a rather narrow funnel through which tens of trillions of dollars are continuously poured. Yes, the transactions are dizzyingly diverse and complex, involving thousands of large and small financial firms, but the work itself is actually done by a fairly small number of people. On Wall Street (an emblem of the system now dispersed nationwide) fewer than 1 million Americans manage the money. And only a relative handful of those people make the big decisions. Collectively, they are very, very powerful. Nobody elected them, but their exalted position in American life is reflected in their incomes.

My central complaint is with the narrowness of their value system rather than the financial mechanisms. With a few important exceptions, the agents of capital operate with dedicated blindness to capital's collateral consequences, an indifference to the future of society even as they search for the future's returns. The capital system does not authorize financial agents to think about such things and may well penalize them if they do. Yet finance capital shapes and polices the "social contract" in America far more effectively than the government, which has largely retreated from that role.

The great contradiction—and the reason reform is possible—is that Wall Street works with other people's money, mainly the retirement savings of ordinary Americans whose values it ignores, whose common interests are often trampled. In fact, the huge fiduciary institutions holding this wealth own 60 percent of America's 1,000 largest corporations and yet are utterly passive as investors—meekly following the advice of banks and brokerages rather than asserting the true self-interests of the "beneficial owners." That is a central element of all that must be changed.

A transformation of Wall Street's core values is not only possible but eventually likely to occur, I predict. My optimism may seem incautious, but it starts from an appreciation of how dynamic capitalism evolves continuously from its own restless energies. Within the monolith of finance, some adventurous players are always experimenting with new methods and theories, trying to take profit from what the larger herd doesn't yet see or understand.

Organized labor is widely disparaged as a weak and anachronistic force in American life, but, in one important matter, the labor movement is the vanguard: determined to reposition the capital that effectively belongs to working Americans to serve the true interests of those workers and, therefore, society's long-term interests too. Labor may be greatly weakened from its heyday, but one thing it possesses is capital assets—the power of the $400 billion in union-managed pension funds and the trillions in public-employee pension funds, where labor unions can exercise real influence over the patterns of investment.

"It's very much a capitalist project; it's not socialist or revolutionary," says Ron Blackwell, head of the AFL-CIO's corporate affairs department. "It's a project to improve capitalism through direct intervention." Institutional investors, especially the pension funds, "are well designed to provide this important social value that we need—patient capital for long-term wealth creation," he says. "Instead, they are driving things down the low road, following the same destructive practices the capital markets favor. Our vision is to change that. Since it's our money, we would like to realign the private purpose of business, which is making money, with its broader social purpose, which is wealth creation, and to convince pension funds to recognize that real security for retirees requires wealth creation, not short-term gains." Wealth creation, as Keynes explained, means an economy that provides the material basis to support civilization—not the other way around.

The collapse of Enron and accompanying scandals became a great teaching opportunity, and the AFL-CIO organized the facts for reform, pushing politicians to think bigger about corporate governance, the disloyalty of money managers to their customers, the blindness of pension funds to what exactly they are investing in. Labor (ironically, given its reputation) reintroduced the language of prudential and trustworthy financial performance.

Most of its efforts are outside politics, however. It helps organize the shareholder proxy fights and lawsuits stirred up by shareholder activists from churches and issue groups, but the AFL also gets up close and personal with the money managers. State Street Global Advisers in Boston manages a lot of union pension money, but meanwhile, the firm made itself a leading advocate for privatizing Social Security. After CalPERS (the California Public Employees' Retirement System) and some other major funds

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indicated they were reviewing this apparent contradiction, State Street announced it was withdrawing from President Bush's Social Security coalition.

The AFL's Office of Investment won a pivotal victory for all mutual-fund investors in early 2003 when it persuaded the Securities and Exchange Commission to require that mutual funds must disclose how they vote the proxies in corporate-governance shareholder fights. Fidelity and Vanguard, the two largest mutual funds, led the industry in opposing the measure, and for good reason. These investment firms regularly vote against the interests of their own rank-and-file investors in order to curry favor with corporate managements. Why? Because the corporations hire them to manage corporate-run pension funds and 401(k) plans. If Fidelity and Vanguard vote against the corporate boards, they will lose lucrative contracts. If their votes against the investors are revealed, they will lose lots of them. Disclosure thus opens up a new front for leveraging corporate behavior and enforcing the fiduciary obligations in finance.

Morgan Stanley, the "all-service" financial house, provided one of the most blatant examples of how Wall Street firms betray their clients from organized labor. Three Morgan Stanley analysts issued an advisory on investment strategy in November 2002 urging investors: "Look for the union label...and run the other way." Labor officials were not amused. Scores of union pension funds hire Morgan Stanley for investment advice and park huge sums in the firm's various investment funds. As the labor clients raised protests, Morgan Stanley changed its tune, drafting a pro-union declaration for the AFL's approval.

'The capital that belongs to working people should serve their purposes and values; right now it doesn't.'
—Ron Blackwell

The primary target for education and informed pressure, however, are the pension fund trustees, starting with the Taft-Hartley pension funds that are directly supervised by labor and management representatives. Until quite recently, most labor trustees have been as passive and conventional as their corporate counterparts. "The culture of the financial industry is intimidating," Blackwell explains. "The trustees are spirited off to conferences in Hawaii or wherever there's a golf course, and the fear of God is put into them on their fiduciary responsibility. On top of that, these trustees are workers. They don't have the time to become experts, or the technical and legal support to question the investing decisions. So we are providing that."

The Center for Working Capital, a research institute started by the AFL, now publishes its own data for pension trustees, much like the advisory materials from Wall Street firms, only it asks different questions. The "Investment Product Review" examines the Wall Street funds that claim to be "worker-friendly" and tells pension trustees which ones are authentic. Its "Key Vote Survey" rates the money managers on how they vote their fund's shareholder proxies on key corporate-governance issues. "If the money managers end up with a low rating, the money doesn't go there," Blackwell says. Eventually, he envisions, labor trustees will be putting some of their investment capital into the localized capital funds that are springing up—guided by the rank-and-file union members on the ground who know the community's problems and what makes sense, what doesn't. "The capital that belongs to working people should serve their purposes and values; right now it doesn't," Blackwell says.

If all this seems too visionary to be plausible, the startling fact is that some of these ideas are already at work in practical and tough-minded situations. Aggressive pioneers in the labor movement have connected with a few kindred spirits in finance capital, investment bankers who understand the destructive side of how the present system functions and recognize that there are profitable opportunities for real "wealth creation" if the employees, union and nonunion alike, are brought into the deal. The first successful model for labor's direct investing was fashioned by its most conservative sector: the building trades, which overcame years of traditional legal obstacles and won the right to invest their pension money directly in housing and development projects that create jobs for union members.

More ambitiously, some capitalists and workers, not many but a few, are together now carrying out "labor friendly" corporate takeovers—the direct-equity investment deals that used to be the exclusive domain of the wealthy and powerful. The returns are very strong, typical of direct-equity investing. It is the operating values that are different. And the "deal flow," as investment bankers call the essential task of spotting new investing opportunities, often originates with local union leaders, people intimately familiar with both the failures and the unrealized potential in business enterprises. Leo Gerard, now president of the United Steelworkers of America, became an early apostle for mobilizing labor's capital as he saw small manufacturers in the industrial Midwest decimated either by financial maneuvers or their inability to raise capital. Gerard, who is Canadian, helped engineer Canada's largest worker takeover of a company, Algoma Steel, as well as many smaller rescues in the United States. He created the Heartland Labor Capital Network, which promotes the goal of replicating Canada's successful labor-sponsored investment funds (Quebec's Solidarity Fund, by attracting small investors with tax incentives, has become the largest source of venture capital in the province). "American politics, as regressive as it is at the national level, makes it extremely difficult to do this here," Gerard says. Congress did create new tax subsidies for local venture-capital funds, but the tax breaks go only to large investors, banks and businesses.

Gerard envisions a growing galaxy of like-minded investment firms that do "control investing" for corporate rehabilitations, with union pension funds putting up some of the capital. In return, the takeover insiders would have to agree at a minimum to honor employees and their rights: to remain neutral on union organizing and guarantee speedy recognition of new locals through card-check registration by a majority of workers rather than laborious fights over elections by the National Labor Relations Board. More substantially, workers should be given a role in decision-making processes and, sometimes, an ownership stake with seats on the board. Writing such collateral conditions into direct-investment deals—special terms demanded by major investors—is standard practice. In the language of finance, these are commonly known as "covenants," a biblical term that nicely expresses the social func-

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tion of shared commitments. "If you can create these alternative forms, then you can show that capitalism doesn't have to do the brutal stuff it does," Gerard says. "Then you have a meaningful, articulate voice that can show a different way of doing things—call it social capitalism, as opposed to Darwinian capitalism."

Oddly enough, David Stockman, the tenaciously bright young conservative who was Ronald Reagan's controversial budget director in the 1980s, is leading one of the "labor-friendly" firms—the $1.4 billion Heartland Industrial Partners (evidently, he borrowed the name from Gerard). Stockman's venture may startle those who remember his combative style in Washington politics, but he impressed labor people with some of the deals he did for the Blackstone Group of Wall Street. Stockman managed large and successful industrial turnarounds by working with the employees and unions instead of rolling over them. Since he launched his own firm in 1999, his "buy and build" strategies have focused entirely on restoring mid-sized manufacturing companies to good health and profitability: auto parts, home furnishings, aerospace components and other sectors. In all, Heartland manages around $10 billion in industrial companies, probably the largest fund of its kind. The Canadian Pension Plan and Michigan's state employees' fund, as well as the steelworkers', are investors, alongside major private players like J.P. Morgan Chase and AIG, the insurance giant.

'If you can create these alternative forms, then you can show that capitalism doesn't have to do the brutal stuff it does.' —Leo Gerard

"David is buying controlling ownership of these companies, and he's actually turning them around, and he's not doing it by beating the shit out of the workers," Gerard says. "David made his presentation to the trustees of the pension fund, labor and management, and asked for $10 million. When he left the room, the board voted to give him $25 million." Even the mighty Carlyle Group, run by celebrated conservative Republicans like James Baker, has stuck a toe in the same pond by launching a $750 million "worker-friendly" investment fund, perhaps designed to attract capital from the same labor investors.

In social terms, however, the KPS Special Situations Fund is a far more aggressive pioneer: It takes control of failed or abandoned capital assets and attempts to re-create an American corporation with a very different operating ethos. "We invest in a constructive way," says Mike Psaros, one of the KPS partners. "Instead of going in and slashing and burning and screwing people, we go in and work constructively with the employee groups to figure out what's wrong and fix it."

The "K" in KPS is Eugene Keilen, a former Lazard Frères partner who pioneered the first major employee-ownership buyout—Weirton Steel, in 1980. Psaros was a teenager in Weirton, West Virginia, when Keilen's plan saved the mill and 10,000 jobs. "My father worked at the mill," he says. "I watched this guy come in from New York City who quite literally saved our way of life, our town. I said to myself, One day I want to do that—this kid from Weirton who'd never heard of an investment banker." Psaros studied at Georgetown University, majored in finance and went to Wall Street, where he teamed up with his investment-banker hero.

Blue Ridge Paper Products in western North Carolina is one result: a major US producer of milk and juice cartons and paper cups, with more than 2,000 employees at six processing plants and the main pulp mill in Canton, North Carolina. KPS created this company out of capital assets that Champion Paper was abandoning after a Wall Street auction to sell them failed to find any buyers. KPS bought them for $200 million, alerted by an urgent plea from Bob Smith, a vice president of PACE, the Papermakers, Atomic, and Chemical Employees union.

The KPS fund, with GE Capital as co-investor, put up $35 million in equity capital and borrowed $200 million to acquire 55 percent control—while the employees, union and nonunion, own the other 45 percent through an employee-ownership trust. To finance their stake, the employees agreed to take a painful 15 percent reduction in overall compensation. Workers have four elected directors sitting on the eleven-member board. They are embarked on the promising but very difficult process of changing industrial culture. "It's going to take a lot of time," Psaros says, "but we are transforming what I would call a Stalinist, reactionary, stifling, autocratic, oppressive culture that has existed in those plants for more than seventy years. We are creating a participative, communicative, twenty-first-century culture where the company relies on people's brains more than it does on their backs."

Bob Smith, the union vice president, spoke in the same terms. "For many, many years, American management of labor has been totally authoritarian," Smith says. "You come in and go to work and you check your brain at the door and just do what you're told. Instead, he says, "the culture needs to be, Hey, I'm part owner, I've got part of the responsibility for making this operation survive. The quality of the product is no longer the company as such. The company is now partly me."

Blue Ridge Paper became a more effective and profitable company rather quickly. During its first two and a half years, more than $100 million of expanded cash flow was reinvested back into modernizing the company, buying new machinery and acquiring another packaging company, which expands Blue Ridge's market share. It now makes every Minute Maid carton and has picked up the Florida Natural account. If things go well, KPS might be expected to "exit" its ownership in four or five years and sell its 55 percent stake to the stock market or other investors, including the employees. Blue Ridge's 2,000-plus worker-owners could decide to cash in too, collecting an equivalent reward of around $100 million. Or the employees might exercise the covenant that gives them first option to buy out KPS's stake, and they would own 100 percent of the company—which is what Smith is hoping for.

The essential meaning of Blue Ridge, however, is not about how to save a paper mill or how one can get wealthier by taking risks. The larger meaning is about finance capital's power to advance society's values. Blue Ridge Paper Products is a relatively simple example in which targeted investing has been employed to support "a different view of life," as Mike Psaros put it. In this regard, the techniques of direct-equity investing represent largely unexplored territory, since, outside labor's ranks, very few social

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reformers have tried to use capital in a tightly directed manner to gain social leverage within capitalism. The techniques are neutral in themselves. Their purposes depend upon who takes charge, on what they expect in the way of returns—financial and nonfinancial—and what they demand as covenants.

One can imagine many variations on the social theme, as people and groups learn how to mobilize and focus their capital for unconventional objectives. Rescuing industrial assets and manufacturing jobs, important as it is, represents only a small corner of investment activity, and the task of reaching into successful corporations with social covenants demanded by the investors is obviously far more difficult. So is the challenge of financing innovative startup firms that are willing to accept more ambitious social commitments in exchange for patient capital. Given the extraordinary variety of hybridized financial instruments that Wall Street devises, the potential for elaborating specialized interventions is vast but largely unknown. Conceivably, for instance, environmentalists could organize targeted capital investments in major corporations to provide financing for the technological changes in production systems needed to protect nature—the ecological reforms business and finance have been reluctant to make. The returns on targeted eco-capital would be based upon the improved efficiencies these technologies bring to the company. Society's return would be a less destructive industrial system.

So long as the risks are pursued with tough-minded self-discipline, there is nothing in the operating rules of capitalism to prevent any of these departures from the status quo, whether they involve community-loyal investment funds or the pressuring of pension-fund trustees to alter their investment priorities, or punishing the disloyal Wall Street firms or taking control of corporations by making direct-equity investments. Indeed, these are routine practices within the system, employed every day on behalf of narrower objectives and self-interested values. The financial power of society awaits the rise of tough-minded social inventors, investing risk-takers with the courage to take control of their own money. ■

CHILE WAS A DEMOCRACY, YET TYRANNY TRIUMPHED—IN THE NAME OF FIGHTING TERROR.

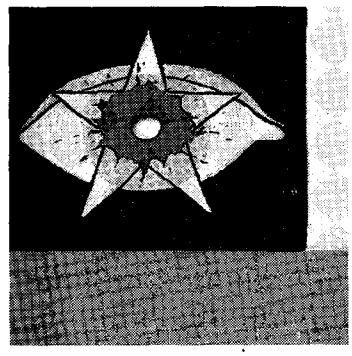
Lessons of a Catastrophe

ARIEL DORFMAN

It can't happen here.

Thirty years ago that is what we chanted, that is what we sang, on the streets of Santiago de Chile.

It can't happen here. There can never be a dictatorship in this country, we proclaimed to the winds of history that were about to furiously descend on us; our democracy is too solid, our armed forces too committed to popular sovereignty, our people too much in love with freedom.



KAREN CALDICOTT

But it did happen.

On September 11, 1973, the Chilean military overthrew the constitutional government of Salvador Allende, who was trying, for the first time on this planet, to build socialism through peaceful and electoral means. The bombing by the air force of the Presidential Palace on that day started a dictatorship that was to last seventeen years and that, today, even after we have recovered democracy, continues to haunt and corrode my country.

The coup, however, left not only pain and loss in its wake but also a legacy of questions that I have been turning over and over in my mind for the past thirty years:

How was it possible that a nation with a functioning parliament, a long record of institutional tolerance, a flourishing free press, an independent judiciary and, most critically, armed forces subjected to civilian rule—how could that country have ended up spawning one of the worst tyrannies of a Latin American continent that is not exactly bereft of murderous regimes? And, more crucially: Why did so many of Chile's men and women, heirs to a vigorous democracy, look the other way while the worst sort of abuses were being perpetrated in their name? Why did they not ask what was being done in the cellars and attics of their howling cities, why did they make believe there was no torture, no mass executions, no disappearances in the night? And a final, more dire, challenge, one that is not restricted to Chile and serves as a warning to citizens around our threatened world today: In the coming years, could something similar befall those nations with apparently stable democracies? Could the erosion of freedom that so many in Chile accepted as necessary find a perverse recurrence in the United States or India or Brazil, in France or Spain or Britain?

I am aware, of course, that it is intellectually dangerous to wildly project one historical situation onto another thirty years later. The circumstances that led to the loss of our democracy in Chile were very specific and do not find an exact replica anywhere in the contemporary world. And yet, with all the differences and distances, the Chilean tragedy does send us one central message that needs attention if we are to avoid similar political disasters in the future: Many otherwise normal, decent human beings in my land allowed their liberty—and that of their persecuted fellow countrymen—to be stolen in the name of security, in the name of fighting terror. That was how General Pinochet and his cohorts justified their military takeover; that is how they built popular sup-

Ariel Dorfman (www.adorfman.duke.edu), the Chilean author, has recently published Exorcising Terror: The Incredible, Unending Trial of General Augusto Pinochet *(Seven Stories). His novels* Widows *and* Konfidenz *have recently been reissued.*

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port for their massive violations of human rights. A few days after the coup, the members of the junta announced that they had "discovered" a secret Plan Zeta, a bloodbath prepared by Allende and his "henchmen." The evidence of such a plan was, naturally enough, never published, nor was even one of the hundreds of thousands of the former president's followers who were arrested, tortured and exiled—not one of the thousands who were executed or "disappeared"—put on trial in a court of law for the conspiracy they were accused of. But fear, once it begins to eat away at a nation, once it is manipulated by an all-powerful government, is not easily eradicated by reason. To someone who feels vulnerable, who imagines himself as a perpetual victim, who detects enemies everywhere, no punishment to the potential perpetrators is too light and no measure to insure safety too extreme.

This is the lesson that Chile retains for us thirty years after the coup that devastated my country, particularly in the aftermath of that other dreadful September 11, that day in 2001 when death again fell from the sky and thousands of innocent civilians were again slaughtered. The fact that the terror suffered by the citizens of the United States—which happens to be the most powerful nation on Earth—is not an invention, as our Plan Zeta turned out to be, makes the question of how to deal with fear even more urgent than it was in Chile, a faraway country whose sorrow and mistakes most of humanity could quickly forget.

What has transpired thus far, in the two years since the disastrous attacks on New York and Washington, is far from encouraging. In the sacred name of security and as part of an endless and stage-managed war against terrorism, defined in a multitude of ever-shifting and vague forms, a number of civil liberties of American citizens have been perilously curtailed, not to mention the rights of non-Americans inside the borders of the United States. The situation abroad is even worse, as the war against terror is used to excuse an attrition of liberty in democratic and authoritarian societies the world over. Even in Afghanistan and Iraq, the two countries "liberated" by America—and free now of the monstrous autocracies that once misruled them—there are disturbing signs of human rights abuses by the occupiers, old prisons being reopened, civilians being gunned down, men abducted into the night and fog of a bureaucracy that will not answer for them.

I am not suggesting that the United States and its allies are turning themselves into a gigantic police state such as Chile endured for so many years—not yet, at least. But that suffering will have been in vain if we do not today in other zones of the world heed the deepest significance of the catastrophe the Chilean people started to live thirty years ago.

We also thought, we also shouted, we also assured the planet:

It cannot happen here.

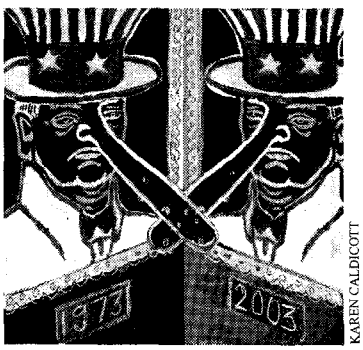
We also thought, on those not-so-remote streets of Santiago, that we could shut our eyes to the terrors that were awaiting us tomorrow. ■

DECLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS REVEAL THE US GOVERNMENT'S ROLE IN THE PINOCHET COUP.

Chile, 9/11/73

PETER KORNBLUH

On September 14, 1970, a deputy to then–National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger wrote him a memo, classified SECRET/SENSITIVE, arguing against covert operations to block the duly elected Chilean socialist Salvador Allende from assuming the presidency. "What we propose is patently a violation of our own principles and policy tenets," noted Viron Vaky. "If these principles have any meaning, we normally depart from them only to meet the gravest threat to us., e.g. to our survival. Is Allende a mortal threat to the U.S.?" Vaky asked. "It is hard to argue this."



KAREN CALDICOTT

Kissinger ignored this advice. The next day he participated in a now-famous meeting where President Nixon instructed CIA Director Richard Helms to "save Chile" by secretly fomenting a coup to prevent Allende's inauguration. When those covert operations failed, Kissinger goaded Nixon into instructing the entire national security bureaucracy "on opposing Allende" and destabilizing his government. "Election of Allende as president of Chile poses one of [the] most serious challenges ever faced in this hemisphere," says a newly declassified briefing paper Kissinger gave to Nixon two days after Allende's inauguration. "Your decision as to what to do may be most historic and difficult foreign affairs decision you will have to make this year.... If all concerned do not understand that you want Allende opposed as strongly as we can, result will be steady draft toward modus vivendi approach."

Had Washington adopted a "modus vivendi approach," it is possible that Chileans, indeed citizens around the world, would not be solemnly commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the coup that brought Gen. Augusto Pinochet to power. In the United States, the meaning of this anniversary is, understandably, overshadowed by the shock and tragedy of our own 9/11. But Chile reminds us that the topics of debate on US foreign policy today—pre-emptive strikes, regime change, the arrogance of unilateral intervention, unchecked covert action and secrecy and dishonesty in government—are not new. From the thousands of formerly classified US documents released over the past several years, the picture that emerges strikes some haunting parallels with the news of the day.

Peter Kornbluh is the author of a new book, The Pinochet File: A Declassified Dossier on Atrocity and Accountability *(New Press).*

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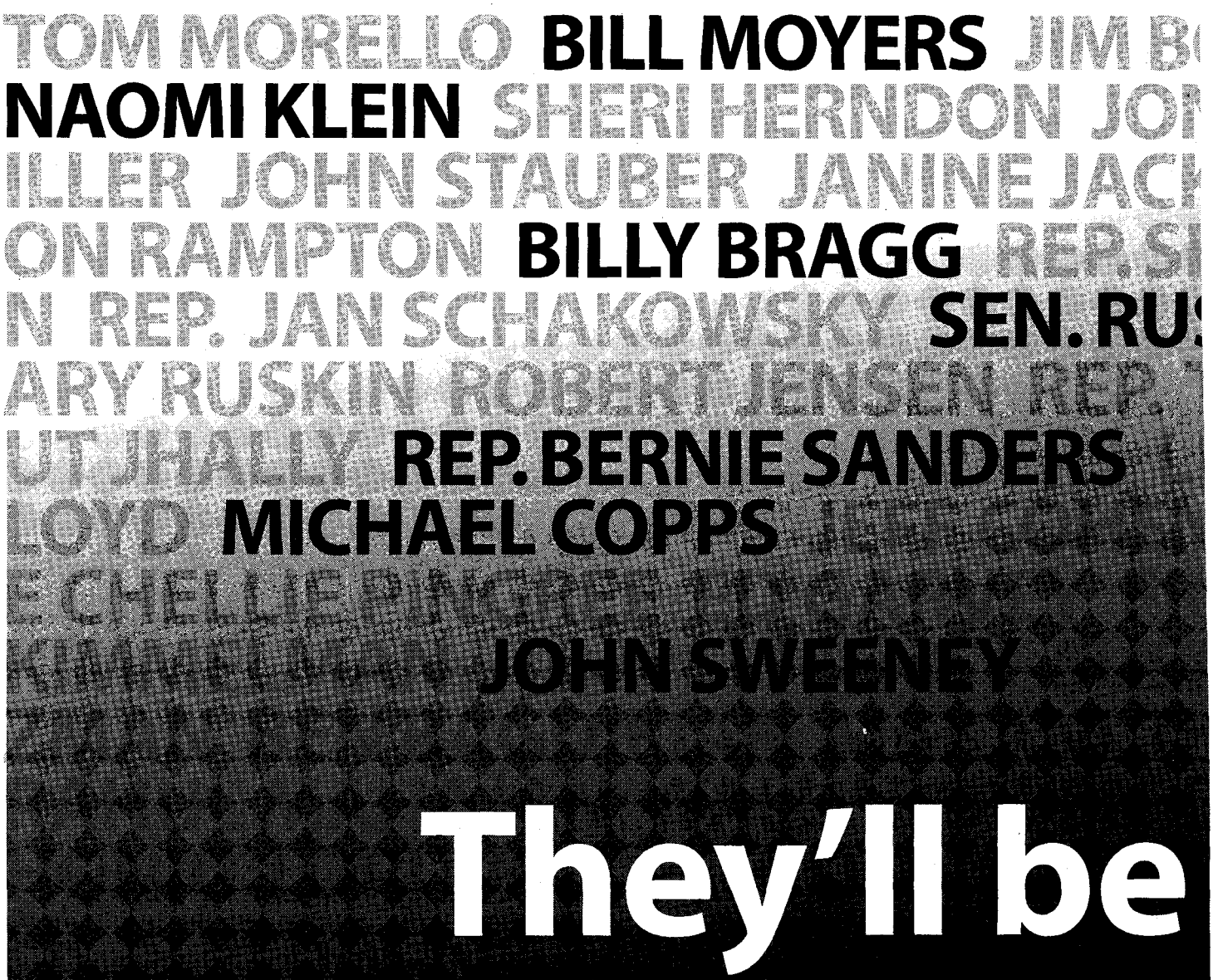

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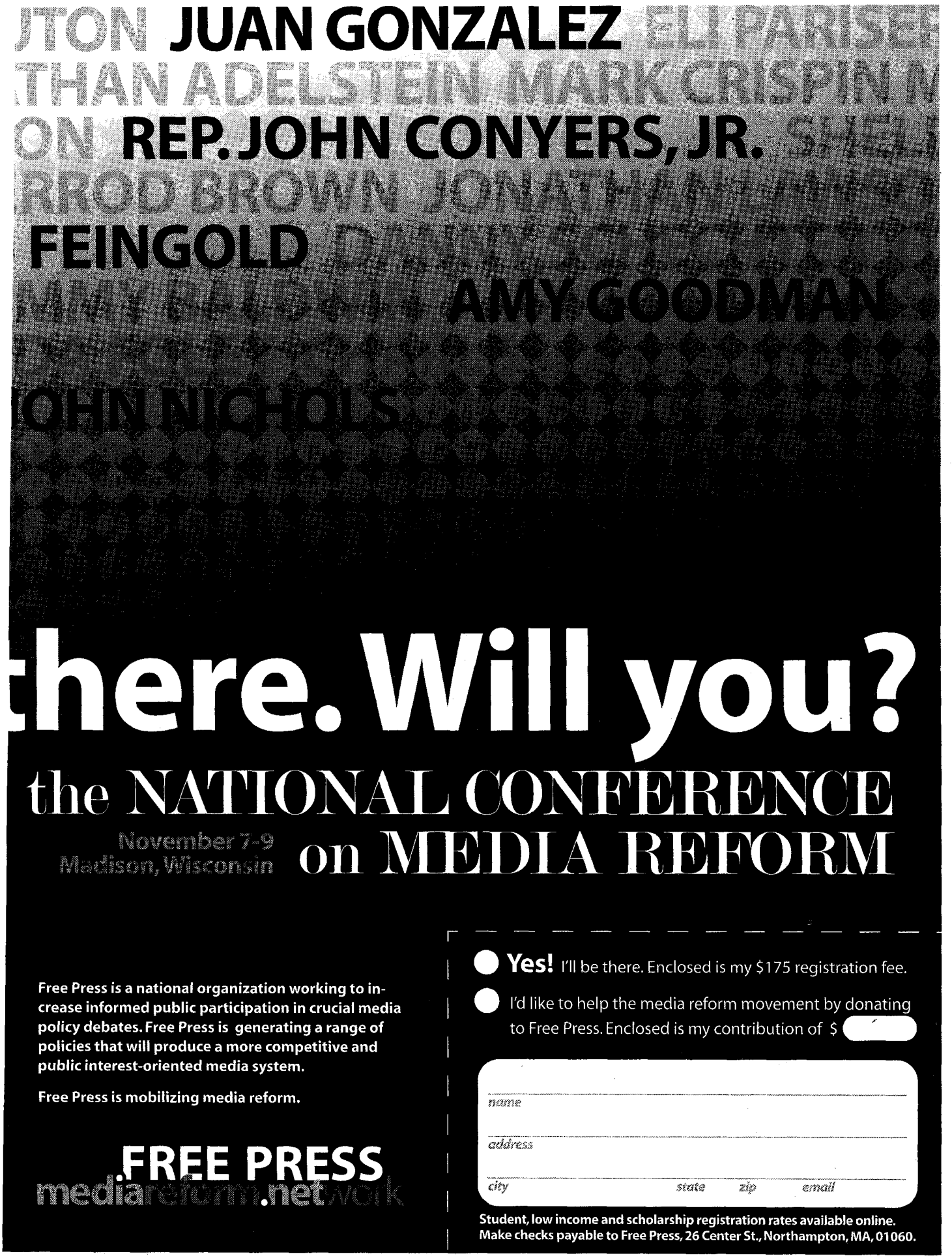
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Chile, it must be recalled, constitutes a classic example of a preemptive strike—a set of operations launched well before Salvador Allende set foot in office. Nixon ordered the CIA on September 15, 1970, to "make the economy scream" and to foment a military move to block Allende from being inaugurated six weeks later, in November; the Chilean leader had yet to formulate or authorize a single policy detrimental to US interests. "What happens over [the] next 6-10 months will have ramifications far beyond US-Ch[ilean] relations," Kissinger predicted in a dire warning to Nixon only forty-eight hours after Allende actually took office. "Will have effect on what happens in rest of LA and developing world; our future position in hemisphere; on larger world picture...even effect our own conception of what our role in the world is."

As in the distorted threat assessment on Iraq, this was sheer speculation—unsupported, indeed contradicted, by US intelligence. In August 1970 CIA, State and Defense Department analysts had determined that "the US has no vital national interests within Chile," and that the world "military balance of power would not be significantly altered" if Allende came to power. But an Allende victory would create "considerable political and psychological costs," including "a definite psychological advance for the Marxist idea."

Washington worked to destabilize a democratically elected government, and then rushed to help a dictatorship consolidate its rule.

Indeed, the recently declassified record reveals that what really bothered the White House was not what actions a narrow, distant country that Kissinger had once disparaged as "a dagger pointed at the heart of Antarctica" could take but the fact that Allende could establish a model for democratic socialist change. As Kissinger informed Nixon on November 5, 1970, the "example of [a] successful elected Marxist gov. in Chile would have [an] impact on—and even precedent value for—other parts of the world, especially Italy...similar phenomenon elsewhere would in turn significantly affect world balance and our own position in it." When the President convened his National Security Council the next day to discuss how to "hurt" Allende and "bring him down," he made this point: "Our main concern in Chile is the prospect that [Allende] can consolidate himself and the picture presented to the world will be his success."

The story of US efforts toward regime change in Chile is well known. Since Allende was democratically elected (with a margin of victory that far exceeded George Bush's edge in Florida), operations needed to be covert, and plausibly deniable. For three years the CIA engaged in a destabilization campaign in Chile—what CIA Director William Colby described in secret testimony as "a prototype or laboratory experiment" to discredit and undermine an elected government. Covert ops consisted of political action to divide Allende's coalition; massive propaganda operations aimed at disrupting the economy and discrediting the government; covert funding of opposition political parties, including those agitating for a coup; and contacts with the Chilean military.

By necessity, these operations were accompanied by rampant official deception. When Allende was brought down by a vicious military coup led by General Pinochet on September 11, 1973, Kissinger testified later before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that "the intent of the United States was not to destabilize or to subvert [Allende] but to keep in being [opposition] political parties." Kissinger also testified that Washington was maintaining a "neutral" policy toward the incoming junta. In reality, within forty-eight hours of the coup, a cable went to the embassy with this secret message for Pinochet: "The USG wishes [to] make clear its desire to cooperate with the military junta and to assist in any appropriate way."

Washington had worked to destabilize a democratically elected government; now US officials rushed to help a cutthroat dictatorship consolidate its rule—with full knowledge of the atrocities it was committing. "I think we should understand our policy," Kissinger admonished his top aides as reports of mass slaughter flowed into Washington in the several weeks following the coup: "However unpleasant they act, this government is better for us than Allende was." But when the CIA covert operations were exposed a year later by Seymour Hersh in the *New York Times*, US officials publicly defended their actions on the grounds that their policies were intended to preserve democracy in Chile, not foster a climate for a coup. This was, submitted President Gerald Ford in one of the most famous official statements regarding US intervention against Allende, "in the best interest of the people of Chile and certainly in our best interest."

Pinochet murdered more than 3,100 Chileans, disappeared 1,100 and tortured and jailed thousands more. He closed the Chilean Congress, banned political parties, censored the press and took over the universities. Through decree, the barrel of the gun and the touch of the electrode he imposed a seventeen-year dictatorship that became synonymous with human rights abuses at home and terrorist atrocities abroad—including the 1976 car-bombing that killed Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt in Washington, DC.

According to declassified memos and cables, at least some US officials acknowledged that the regime was neither in the best interests of Chile nor of the United States. Defense Intelligence Agency analysts compared Pinochet's secret police, DINA, to Hitler's Gestapo. "A documented case can be made for the proposition that the current regime in Chile is militaristic, fascistic, tyrannical and murderous," one State Department intelligence analyst reported in early 1974. Washington's support for the Pinochet regime, another State Department official wrote in a memo to the Assistant Secretary for Latin America a year later, "is one more reason why much of the youth of this country is alienated from their government and its foreign policy." "In the minds of the world at large, we are closely associated with this junta, ergo with fascists and torturers," according to Richard Bloomfield. "Chile is just the latest example for a lot of people in this country of the United States not being true to its values."

That is, perhaps, the only positive aspect of the legacy of US policy and operations in Chile. Along with concerns about Vietnam, public and Congressional anger over events in Chile generated a national debate about the corruption of American principles in the making and the exercise of US foreign policy. The Kissingerian disregard for Pinochet's abuses incited the mo-

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bilization and institutionalization of the human rights movement as we know it today; indeed, during the mid-1970s, Chile became the battleground of the first major fight between Congress and the executive branch over making human rights a criterion in US foreign policy. Similarly, revelations of CIA intervention in Chile contributed to a dramatic national reevaluation of the propriety of such practices and to the first Congressional hearings on covert action. The public reaction to US policy in Chile reflected widespread alarm over the abuses of power and secrecy inside the executive branch and a demand that US conduct abroad return to the moral precepts of American society.

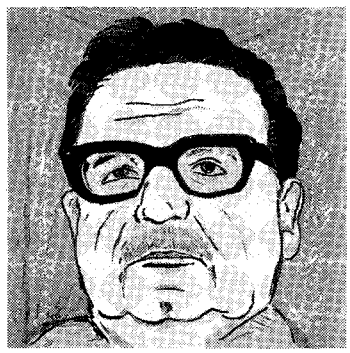
Thirty years later, public fears over government secrecy and deception are pervasive once again. To be sure, the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan differ in many ways from the US intervention in Chile; and the security threat of terrorism, as opposed to the nonthreat of Allende's election, is real, as we know from our own 9/11. Even so, in the wake of September 11, 2001, the lessons of September 11, 1973, demand to be remembered, as US foreign policy becomes further removed from the values, morality and real national interests of the American public. As Secretary of State Colin Powell was forced to concede when questioned about Chile on the eve of the invasion of Iraq: "It is not a part of American history that we are proud of." ■

HIS DUAL COMMITMENT TO SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY OUGHT TO BE A MODEL TODAY.

Remembering Allende

MARC COOPER

It's enough to review once more that last, final black-and-white photograph of Salvador Allende to glimpse the apparent contradictions of his life and legacy on this, the thirtieth anniversary of his death, and that of his Popular Unity government.



KAREN CALDICOTT

Chilean Army tanks and troops were circling the presidential palace, twin Air Force jets ready to bomb it were already in the air and General Pinochet was about to seize power. Accompanied by his young bodyguard, there on the palace doorstep stood the 65-year-old gentleman Allende, the medical doctor, veteran parliamentarian and democratically elected president in impeccably pressed pants and a silk tweed jacket over a hand-knit sweater—with the strange, surreal accents of a steel military helmet on his head and fully loaded AK-47 in his arms. Of these last moments in the life of Allende, Gabriel García Márquez wrote: "His greatest virtue was following through, but fate could only grant him that rare and tragic greatness of dying in armed defense of the whole moth-eaten paraphernalia of an execrable system which he proposed abolishing without a shot."

García Márquez captures a crucial truth, but one that is partial. Allende is widely remembered only as a victim—of the Chilean counterrevolution, of the vast US covert destabilization program and ultimately of what some argue was his own peaceful strategy. But his positive contributions to history, his bold attempts to redefine the very concepts of revolution, socialism and democracy, and the unique place that he deserves in the annals of the international left remain substantially unrecognized—or misunderstood. Even for a younger generation of radicals, Allende is often but a distant memory, a footnote, just one more entry, alongside Arbenz and Mossadegh, on a laundry list of elected leaders violated by imperial arrogance.

Though most often characterized as the "first freely elected Marxist head of state," who proposed a "peaceful transition to socialism," Allende intended something more sweeping. His insistence on the use of democratic means to achieve power and radically reconstruct society was neither a mere tactic nor just a euphemism for minor and moderate reform.

There was no precedent for what Allende was attempting—except maybe in the writings of Marx. Socialism, real socialism, as argued by the Old Lion, would bring with it an expansion and deepening of democracy, not its curtailment or abolition.

Allende believed profoundly in this principle. He explicitly rejected the model of European Socialists, who—even by 1970—aspired to be little more than the liberal face of capitalist management. And though he considered himself a friend and ally of Fidel Castro (especially in the face of US hostility), Allende rejected any suggestion that Cuba or any of the other Communist countries of the time could be a model for his vision of socialism.

Allende saw a third way—in no way to be confused with Tony Blair's self-declared middle path between corporate free markets and social democracy, but rather an authentically socialist and democratic alternative to meek social reform, on the one hand, and authoritarian "people's democracies"—Stalinist dictatorships—on the other.

So while Allende insisted on absolute respect for the law and constitutional processes, on no restrictions on freedom of the press, speech and assembly, he simultaneously carried out the nationalization of Chile's copper mines and 200 major corporations, a sweeping land reform that expropriated monopoly holdings, and a host of other measures that benefited and empowered the poor.

From the outset, Allende's position in its full complexity was

Marc Cooper, a Nation *contributing editor, lived in Chile from 1971 to 1973 and was a translator for Salvador Allende.*

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rarely understood by much of the left. When France's leading revolutionary of the time, Régis Debray, came to Santiago to depose Allende in now legendary and lengthy interviews, the young Frenchman was manifestly confused. In Debray's rigid thinking, either one was a bona fide armed revolutionary à là Che Guevara or a hopeless reformer following in the footsteps of the ineffectual European popular fronts of the 1930s. Allende had to repeat to Debray several times that the new Chilean government, coming to power democratically, would both respect and enhance democracy while not shying away from radical, socialist reform.

A few years after the coup, another high-profile European leftist finally got it right regarding Allende. The Italian Marxist philosopher Lucio Colletti (who died in 2001 after a disappointing political journey to the right) argued back in the mid-1970s that the left had bogged down in a false and perilous assumption: i.e., the more violent a revolution, the more transformative it must be. Consequently, peaceful transitions—like Allende's Popular Unity government—were doomed to dead-end reformism. Colletti argued that this facile thinking was itself a legacy of Stalinism and, indeed, had no real roots in socialist experience.

In the three decades since the coup, the criticism most frequently raised on the left about Allende was that he failed to "arm the workers" and that he was too tolerant of an opposition that eventually overthrew him.

The first point is beyond absurdity. Guns don't materialize either from the sky or from presidential decree. Chile's relatively advanced and stable democratic institutions made the option of armed revolt about as viable and attractive as it might seem in modern California. If the argument is that Allende, in the weeks before the coup, should have preventively armed his supporters, the follow-up question should be, how? Just as realistic—that is, unrealistic—is the suggestion that he should have disarmed the military.

The Allende government made many strategic mistakes—enough that a coup would probably have been inevitable even if the United States had never engaged in its covert program of subversion (though the American intervention certainly accelerated and paved the way for the putsch). At times the Popular Unity government I worked with was driven too much by a heady voluntarism, a hubris that kept it from making key alliances and compromises. At other moments, the government was paralyzed by its own internal divisions and disagreements. But among these mistakes was certainly not Allende's tolerance for the opposition or his commitment, to the end, to democracy. I don't know if historic circumstances would have ever permitted Allende's vision to triumph. I do know that if he had suspended democracy and ruled by dictatorship, it would no longer have been his vision, nor would it any longer have been a "revolution" much worth defending.

If one surveys the panorama of today's international left, Allende's legacy occasionally flashes and flourishes. The arduous two-decade march into power of Brazil's Workers' Party, and the unique balancing act of socialist President Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, draw directly from the lessons of Chile. The anti-authoritarian, egalitarian spirit of new social movements—whether in Buenos Aires or Seattle—reflects the ethos of Allende, as do the recent moves by Argentine President Néstor Kirchner to lift immunity from prosecution of officers of the former military junta. Indeed, anywhere the left is willing to be open, innovative, nondogmatic and imaginative, both realistic and utopian, where it can reject Tony Blair's New Labour alliance with Dubya's neocons as firmly and unflinchingly as it denounces the wholesale jailing of dissidents and summary executions by an ossified and dictatorial Cuban state, the figure of Salvador Allende and his self-sacrifice for the principles of social justice and democracy loom ever larger, more inspiring and more worthy of reverence and respect. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

to become *the* sound of the tenor saxophone), as well as persecution at the hands of the Army. Best would have been pianist Lennie Tristano, who made so many innovations and simply played better than anybody, but who thought the business was such a drag that he played and recorded at home and supported himself by teaching. ANDY FITE

West Chester, Pa.

■ Miles Davis returned to Boston after a long hiatus to a sold-out hall. A fan for decades, I greeted him at the stage door with daffodils. His men moved to stop me, but he accepted the flowers. "That's nice," he said. He spoke to one of his aides, who asked me if I had a ticket. When I told him the show was sold out, he told me to wait. The aide returned with a second-row-center ticket! During the concert, Miles touched his lips and threw me a kiss. My seatmates looked at me in wonder. I was a 50-year-old white woman.
CYNTHIA KNUTH FISCHER

Manchester, Conn.

■ Will the left never end its willful blindness to the fact that Margaret Sanger wholeheartedly embraced the same eugenic theories that inspired Hitler, whose regime admired many of her suggestions about insuring the purity of "the race"? The charges against Sanger are irrefutable, despite the dismissal of them as regarding her "character." Well, what kind of "character" would write, "Modern studies indicate that insanity, epilepsy, criminality, prostitution, pauperism, and mental defect are all organically bound up together and that the least intelligent and the thoroughly degenerate classes in every community are the most prolific"? Sanger *should* be noted for her involvement in important court cases that affirmed the power of the First Amendment, but so could any number of Nazis and Klansmen. TOM BREEN

New York City

■ In a period of growing assaults not just on *Roe v. Wade* but on reproductive rights generally, the article on Margaret Sanger is a timely reminder of what true activists are made of. For a more direct view of Sanger, a still highly controversial figure, readers can check out the first volume in our four-volume edition of her papers: *The Selected Papers of Margaret Sanger, Vol. 1: The Woman Rebel, 1900–1928* (Illinois).
ESTHER KATZ
The Margaret Sanger Papers Project
New York University

Rhinebeck, NY

■ In the late 1960s my fellow Jesuit Dan Berrigan introduced me to Dorothy Day down on the Bowery, where he was saying mass for her motley group of winos and other downtrodden people. More than thirty years later, now as an ex-Jesuit and recovering Catholic, I still regard Dorothy Day (and Dan Berrigan, for that matter) as the embodiment of the best the Catholic Church has to offer. They are to the church what your inspiring American rebels are to our country. PAUL SWIFT

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

From Protest to Patronage

RANDALL KENNEDY

LOST PROPHET: The Life and Times of Bayard Rustin.
By John D'Emilio.
Free Press. 568 pp. $35.

TIME ON TWO CROSSES: The Collected Writings of Bayard Rustin.
Edited by Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise.
Cleis Press. 354 pp. $16.95.

Bayard Rustin forged a remarkable career as a social activist. Briefly a member of the Young Communist League, he repudiated communism but remained a socialist throughout his life. A pacifist, he was imprisoned for refusing to comply with the draft during World War II. A champion of racial justice, he fought Jim Crow with sit-ins and other actions that anticipated the tactics of the Civil Rights Revolution. Rustin helped found the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). He advised Martin Luther King Jr., organized the 1963 March on Washington and wrote several essays that continue to repay close study. Throughout these pursuits, Rustin expressed a gay sexuality for which he was stigmatized as a sexual criminal, a smear that crippled his ability to lead the movements to which he passionately contributed ideas and inspiration.

Rustin was for many years a forgotten man. His obscurity stemmed not only from amnesia but also from conscious suppression, largely on the part of left-liberals and black nationalists who objected to what they saw as a complacent, even retrograde turn in his later years. Recently, however, a number of admirers have raised awareness of Rustin's life and revealed with increasing detail its pains and joys, failings and triumphs. Nancy Kates and Bennett Singer produced a PBS documentary (*Brother Outsider: The Life of Bayard Rustin*) earlier this year, and an excellent anthology of Rustin's articles and speeches, *Time on Two Crosses*, is now available thanks to Devon Carbado and Donald Weise. The late Jervis Anderson published a biography in 1997 (*Bayard Rustin: Troubles I've Seen*), as did Daniel Levine in 1999 (*Bayard Rustin and the Civil Rights Movement*). The most extensive biography to date is John D'Emilio's newly published *Lost Prophet: The Life and Times of Bayard Rustin*. A historian of sexuality, particularly the gay liberation movement, D'Emilio focuses more intently than any previous biographer on Rustin's sexual entanglements and crises, and the effects of homophobia on his career. In so doing, he accentuates the gayness of his black hero, moving homophobia to center stage in the retelling of Rustin's dramatic story.

Rustin was born on March 17, 1912, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. His biological father never acknowledged him. His biological mother was an unmarried, neglectful teenager. In his boyhood, Rustin was led to believe that she was his older sister. He

Why did Bayard Rustin, one of the heroes of the civil rights movement, come to be seen as an apostate by some of his closest allies?

was raised by his maternal grandparents—generous, public-spirited, hard-working people who enabled their grandson to graduate from high school and attend Wilberforce University and Cheyney State Teachers College (now Cheyney University of Pennsylvania), two of the country's oldest predominantly black institutions of higher education. Rustin excelled in high school and showed potential for leadership in college. Yet he failed to graduate from either of the colleges he attended, for reasons that remain murky. D'Emilio maintains that Rustin was probably pressured into leaving Cheney State after being caught having sexual relations with a white man near campus.

In 1937 Rustin moved to New York City, which served as his base of operations for the remainder of his life. His energy, curiosity, physical attractiveness and seemingly boundless charm propelled him in various directions. He taught English to immigrants, performed in a musical starring Paul Robe-

Randall Kennedy, a member of The Nation*'s editorial board, teaches law at Harvard. His most recent book is* Interracial Intimacies *(Pantheon).*

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son, joined a folk-singing group, Josh White and the Carolinians, enjoyed the furtive pleasures of gay life in Manhattan and developed an attachment to left politics. He joined the Communist Party, attracted in part by its militant antiracism. He broke with it, however, in the aftermath of Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union, when the party insisted that its members suspend protests against American racism for the sake of the wartime alliance against Hitler.

Rustin rejected this change in policy and instead pursued two aims that Communists disdained. First, he created a significant presence for himself in A. Philip Randolph's March on Washington Movement (MOWM), which, by threatening to bring masses of blacks to the nation's capital to protest their racist mistreatment, successfully pressured President Franklin Roosevelt into issuing an executive order that prohibited racial discrimination in military plants. Second, Rustin became a follower of the radical pacifist A.J. Muste, joining Muste's Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), and impressed upon his new, predominantly white comrades the need to combat racism. It was in the course of these efforts that he helped to found CORE. At this stage in his career, however, Rustin gave priority to pacifism as a calling, preaching an absolutist version of that faith that rejected warmaking even against Nazis. Refusing ostentatiously to pay any heed to the draft law, Rustin attracted the ire of federal authorities, who convinced a judge to sentence him to a three-year prison term.

After his release, Rustin continued to preach pacifism and traveled abroad to England, Europe and India to join other apostles of nonviolent reform to condemn the cold war, nuclear proliferation and colonialism. Just as he was achieving a new prominence, however, Rustin hurt himself terribly in a reckless act whose consequences haunted him for the rest of his life. In January 1953, he spoke about international pacifism at an event in Pasadena, California. Afterward, while wandering around early in the morning, Rustin got inside a car containing two white men. One thing led to another and before long Rustin was in the back seat performing oral sex when two police officers approached the car. Rustin and the two men were arrested on charges of lewd vagrancy and sentenced to sixty days in jail. This was not the first time that Rustin had been punished on account of his homosexuality. He had been punished for sexual "deviancy" during his imprisonment in World War II. After that episode he had assured his mentor, Muste, that he would somehow suppress his homosexual yearnings. After the second, Muste impatiently accepted Rustin's resignation from the FOR. "The Pasadena arrest," D'Emilio writes, "proved to be a pivotal event in Rustin's life." Not only did it brand him as a sex offender and cast him adrift from a cause and organization to which he had devoted himself; worse, it trailed him, threatening constantly to erupt anew as a source of embarrassment.

Alongside Rustin's efforts on behalf of pacifism were his bold initiatives in support of the black struggle for freedom and equality. In 1947 he organized a trip by bus that took an interracial group of volunteers from the North to the South. Under federal law, states were prohibited from imposing segregation in interstate travel. Many localities, however, did so anyway in accordance with Jim Crow etiquette. To dramatize the racist intransigence of local officials, Rustin and his comrades disobeyed racial custom and invited arrest. Whites seated themselves in sections of buses customarily reserved for blacks, and blacks seated themselves in sections customarily reserved for whites.

Although D'Emilio believes that Rustin's sex life as a gay man should be a matter of public interest, his exploration of it is oddly sterile.

Eight years later, Rustin played an important, though largely hidden, role in another challenge to Jim Crow transportation—the Montgomery bus boycott, triggered by Rosa Parks's refusal to obey a bus driver who demanded that she give up her seat to a white man. When police arrested Parks for refusing to move, black Montgomery boycotted the buses under the leadership of a young minister named Martin Luther King Jr. Rustin quickly appreciated the boycott's significance and King's potential. He traveled to Montgomery to meet King, and soon became one of his key speechwriters and advisers, urging King to capitalize on the boycott's momentum by creating a new organization dedicated to advancing the cause of human rights in the South through mass activism. Rustin drafted the founding documents of what became the SCLC, and would have liked to administer the SCLC or otherwise serve King on an ongoing, open basis. But that possibility was precluded by Rustin's homosexuality, or, more precisely, objections to his homosexuality and fears of scandal related to the Pasadena arrest.

Anxious to avoid troublesome publicity, Rustin hid his own influence. But for some of his sponsors, Rustin's self-abnegation was insufficient; they insisted that he distance himself from King out of fear that sensationalist reporting on Rustin's Communist past and homosexual proclivities might harm the fledgling Southern movement. Some of the movement's ostensible friends, moreover, were not above raising Rustin's past to settle old scores, or simply to protect their turf. In 1960 Rustin assisted King and Randolph in organizing a "March on the Convention Movement for Freedom Now," a protest at the Republican and Democratic parties' presidential nominating conventions whose aim was to pressure both parties into giving more priority to racial-justice initiatives. Insulted by what he perceived as their failure to consult him first, Adam Clayton Powell—the chief minister of Harlem's most influential church (the Abyssinian Baptist) and one of only four blacks in the House of Representatives—accused King of being in thrall to socialist interests by virtue of his association with Rustin. When that failed to provoke a reaction, Powell upped the ante, threatening to charge that King and Rustin were having a homosexual affair. In the face of that threat, and King's unwillingness to confront Powell, Rustin publicly severed all his ties with SCLC—one of several developments that undercut the proposed demonstrations and rendered them largely ineffectual.

Powell's sexual blackmail devastated Rustin and drove him to the outer edges of the civil rights movement for several years. In 1963, however, he re-emerged, phoenix-like, at the center of the single most famous demonstration of the era. His old mentor, A. Philip Randolph, proposed a march that would focus not only on civil rights wrongly denied to blacks but also on the distressing condition of neglected black workers and those subjected to joblessness. Randolph announced the plan for an "Emancipation March on Washington for Jobs," whereupon Rustin began to translate the vision into reality. He lined up the support of the major civil rights organizations, many unions, an ecumenical roster of prominent religious leaders and scores of celebrities (including Paul Newman, Marlon Brando, Joan Baez, Sammy Davis Jr., Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier and, yes, Charlton Heston). Rustin methodically addressed nitty-gritty details involving transportation, policing, toilets, housing, food, medical care, trash disposal, entertainment, etc. He calmed the jittery nerves of supporters who feared failure, overcame the objections of President Kennedy, who feared disorder, and mollified egotistical civil rights leaders who suspected that rivals would reap greater benefits than themselves. Bringing to bear skills he had honed for decades, Rustin set the stage for a massive display of support for

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the civil rights movement as some 250,000 people converged on Washington on a workday—Wednesday, August 28, 1963.

That Rustin would retain his position as the march's organizer-in-chief was by no means assured. First, his old nemesis, NAACP leader Roy Wilkins, tried to oust him from his own demonstration. "This march is of such importance," Wilkins argued, "that we must not put a person [with] his liabilities as the head." Randolph and the other top leaders acceded formally to Wilkins's demand, but then rejected it in substance. Randolph assumed the role of director but immediately named Rustin as his deputy—an arrangement little different from the one about which Wilkins had initially complained. Then, a few weeks before the march, Strom Thurmond, the arch-segregationist senator from South Carolina, attempted to discredit the civil rights movement by attacking Rustin. Armed with information obtained with the assistance of the infamous FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, Thurmond inserted into the Congressional Record accounts of Rustin's Pasadena arrest, including a police booking slip detailing the incident. According to D'Emilio, Thurmond "named Rustin a sexual pervert...and newspapers across the country gave the story play. Not of his own choosing, Rustin [became] perhaps the most visible homosexual in America at a time when few gay men or lesbians aspired to any public attention."

Thurmond's smear, however, had little discernible negative effect; indeed, it strengthened the solidarity and resolve of the march's leaders. Despite his previous objections, Wilkins rallied to Rustin's defense, as did Randolph. "I speak for the combined Negro leadership," Randolph declared, "in voicing my complete confidence in Bayard Rustin's character."

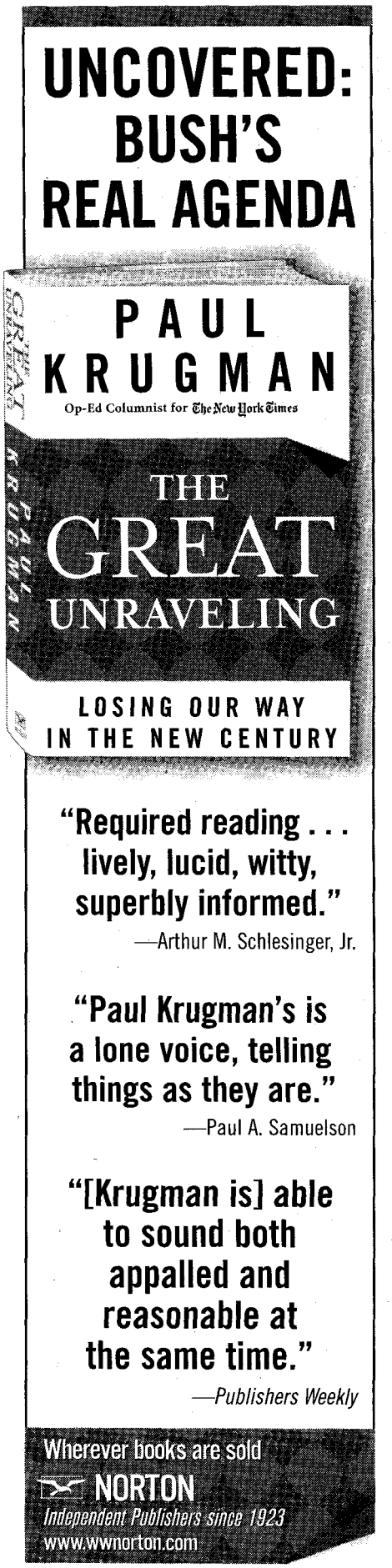
Spirits were high on August 28. Crowds were orderly, glitches inconsequential. The weather was beautiful. And to top it all off, King delivered his unforgettable "I Have a Dream" speech. Rustin did not exaggerate when he described the day of the march as "one of the great days in American history." It was also *his* finest hour, a moment in which the potentialities of his subtle skills were on full display. For once, Rustin received public recognition for his behind-the-scenes influence. *Life* magazine featured him on its cover, alongside Randolph.

The March on Washington constituted the apogee of Rustin's career. It marked not only the high point of the classical phase of black civil rights protest; it also marked the return of political economy to the array of central concerns voiced by mainstream black leaders. In Rustin's blueprint for the march, he noted that the century since the Emancipation Proclamation had "witnessed no fundamental government action to terminate the economic subordination of the American Negro." Rustin highlighted this concern with long-neglected economic matters by naming the protest the "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom."

He subsequently elaborated on this view in a remarkable essay published in 1965 in *Commentary*, "From Protest to Politics: The Future of the Civil Rights Movement." Anticipating William Julius Wilson by more than a decade, Rustin argued that blacks had already entered an era in which economics would play a more important role than traditional racism in undermining racial equality. Although the civil rights movement had largely succeeded in destroying the legal foundations of racism, he asserted, it had barely touched upon the conditions of black impoverishment, joblessness, ghettoization and inferior skills and education—conditions that could persist even with the waning of old-fashioned bigotry. In Rustin's view, "*de facto* segregation in our most fundamental socioeconomic institutions" did not lend itself to the moralistic protest orientation of the civil rights movement. What was needed was a political strategy geared toward patiently reinforcing and enlarging the grand coalition that produced the March on Washington, entrenching it in the Democratic Party and moving that party leftward.

As portrayed by D'Emilio, the final third of Rustin's life was a busy but anticlimactic denouement that largely accounts for the decline of his reputation among many on the left. It was a period marked by fealty to the Democratic Party, vocal hostility to the Black Power movement, quietude regarding the Vietnam War and fervent support for Israel. After having spent most of his career deep in the political wilderness, Rustin now found himself welcome at the LBJ White House and celebrated by leading institutions of higher education, including Yale and Harvard, which bestowed honorary degrees upon him.

Before the late 1970s, Rustin spent little if any energy advancing the cause of equal treatment for lesbians and gays. During the final decade of his life, however, he began to speak out in support of the gay liberation movement. One influence prompting this change, suggests D'Emilio, was Walter Naegle, a younger man with whom Rustin fell in love (and legally adopted for purposes of estate planning). Naegle convinced Rustin to support vocally such measures as a sexual-orientation antidiscrimination ordinance in New York City. He also helped to persuade Rustin to address organizations like Black and White Men Together. Speaking to this group in 1986, Rustin



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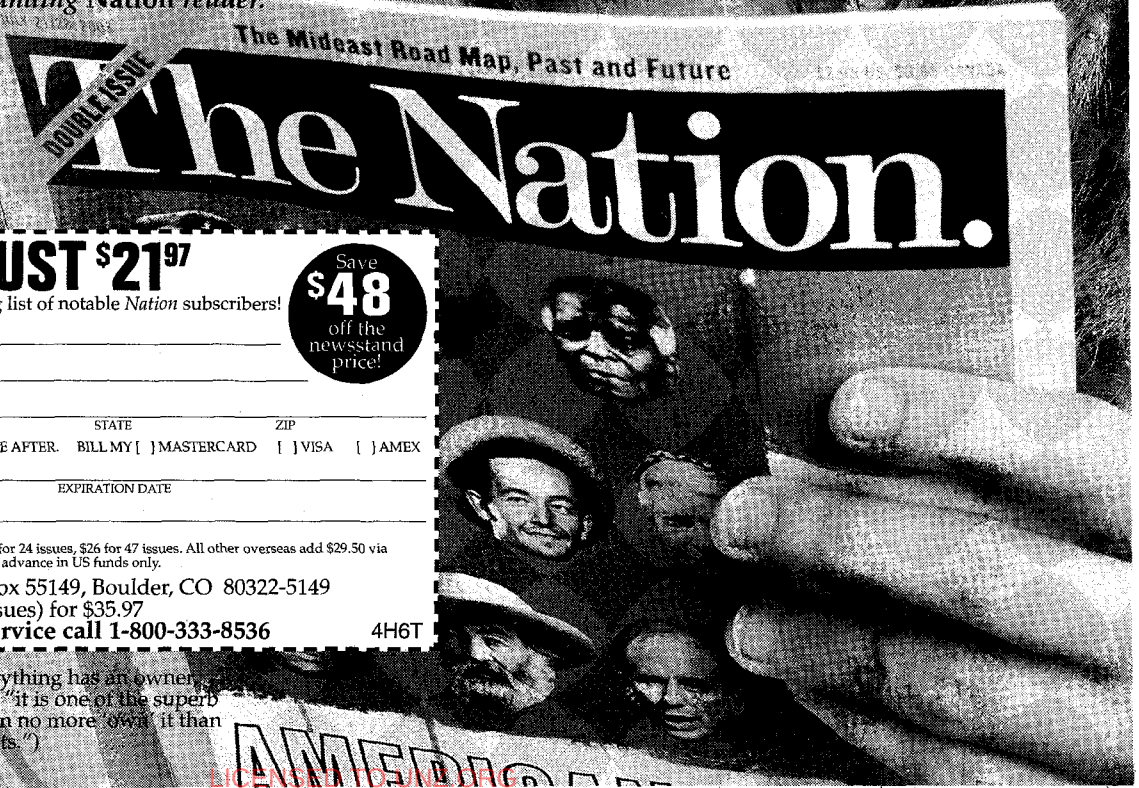

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remarked that "the barometer for social change is measured by selecting the group which is most mistreated," and that now "the new 'niggers' are gays." D'Emilio notes, however, that even with Rustin's forays into gay politics, he was never quite of it. The year before Rustin died in 1987, gay activist Joseph Beam invited Rustin to contribute to an anthology of writings by black gay men. "After much thought," Rustin responded, "I have decided that I must decline.... I did not 'come out of the closet' voluntarily—circumstances forced me out. While I have no problem with being publicly identified as homosexual, it would be dishonest of me to present myself as one who was in the forefront of the struggle for gay rights. The credit for that belongs to others.... While I support full equality, under law, for homosexuals, I fundamentally consider sexual orientation to be a private matter."

D'Emilio obviously believes that Rustin's sexual life is and should be a matter of public interest. Yet his exploration of that side of Rustin's existence is notably sterile. Readers learn from him little about either what Rustin found sexually attractive or what others found sexually attractive about Rustin. Furthermore, D'Emilio refrains from exploring the racial aspects of Rustin's sexual life, even as he describes the troubles his homosexuality caused him in a homophobic society. He writes that Rustin was particularly attracted to white men. But D'Emilio refrains from commenting upon the meaning of that apparent preference. Was it truly a racial preference? Or did the pattern merely reflect the demographics of the social circles in which Rustin traveled? If the pattern was truly racial, did it arise from an aesthetic-erotic hankering or did it signal something else, perhaps even a distaste for black male affection? Given D'Emilio's interest in the sexual character of Rustin's life, one might have expected a more searching examination of why it was that all of Rustin's serious, open romantic relationships involved white men. There is no disapproval of Rustin's sexual interracialism in this criticism of D'Emilio, only a wish that he had pushed even further to excavate Rustin's innermost perceptions.

D'Emilio's biography is explicitly an attempt to rehabilitate a figure who, in the author's opinion, has been ignored by the general public and maligned by the left as an apostate who surrendered his radicalism for access to political influence that proved to be illusory. To a large extent D'Emilio makes a persuasive case for Rustin's importance. A solid understanding of the fascinating intersection of pacifist, socialist and antiracist social movements does require more than a passing knowledge of Bayard Rustin.

On occasion, however, D'Emilio excessively puffs his subject's significance. According to D'Emilio, Rustin "insinuated nonviolence into the heart of the black freedom struggle." This suggests that before Rustin there existed substantial support for resorting to violence, which is simply not so. The influence of Rustin's pacifist gospel on blacks was Lilliputian in comparison to what has decisively driven black protest into nonviolent means of expression—a prudent and pervasive recognition that blacks are greatly outnumbered by a population with access to police and military forces that are all too willing to suppress blacks ruthlessly. Similarly overstated is D'Emilio's suggestion that Rustin has been peculiarly victimized by omission or amnesia. Compared with Fannie Lou Hamer, Modjeska Simkins, Fred Shuttlesworth, Ella Baker, James Hinton, Victor Rabinowitz and other unsung heroes of the civil rights movement, Rustin has actually received considerable acknowledgment. As noted at the outset, he has now been lionized in three biographies.

Loyal to LBJ and the Democratic Party, Rustin muffled his objections to the Vietnam War, steering clear of the antiwar movement.

The result of D'Emilio's attempt to defend Rustin against charges of apostasy also yields mixed results. He convincingly rebuts the most tendentious of these charges—the claims that Rustin became nothing more than an exotic establishment "house nigger," a neoconservative, a shill plain and simple for Big Labor and Israel. True, Rustin did invite condemnation from some quarters on the left by repudiating the sloganeering of Black Power; cussing out the likes of Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown and Huey Newton; taking the side of the mostly white and Jewish United Federation of Teachers union in its ugly and rancorous battle with blacks and Puerto Ricans in New York City; and continuing to promote integration and nonviolent coalition politics. Rustin was especially contemptuous of cultural black nationalism. "Wearing my hair Afro style, calling myself an Afro-American, and eating all the chitterlings I can find," he quipped, "are not going to affect Congress."

D'Emilio shows, however, that even as Rustin was taking what some derided as his conservative turn, he articulated demands for full employment, universal healthcare, the abolition of poverty, investment in public services and protections against invidious discriminations that were far more ambitious than anything envisioned by even the most visionary of the liberal champions of LBJ's Great Society proposals. While debating Stokely Carmichael, Rustin reaffirmed that "basic in the demands of the Negro people today is a fundamental challenge to this society. We are asking first of all for what this society does not want to hear: a redistribution of wealth.... This society must dig deep and be prepared to make revolutionary change in its economic and social life." It is arguable that the radical tenor of Rustin's rhetoric in the late 1960s was merely a vestige of his former persona that served to obscure his accommodation with cold war liberalism. In the late phase of his career, after all, Rustin sometimes seemed to spend as much (if not more) energy condemning dissidents on the left as he did condemning the establishment. Given the widespread image of Rustin's transformation—one that often exaggerates his drift toward the center—D'Emilio performs a real service by underlining the degree to which his hero, at least rhetorically, preserved his commitment to radical egalitarianism.

With respect to Rustin's conduct regarding the Vietnam War, D'Emilio is witheringly critical. He notes that Rustin spoke out vigorously against the war before the rise of a broadly based antiwar movement. But as the war escalated and the antiwar movement grew, Rustin's critical stance toward the Johnson Administration dramatically softened. He often seemed to become more exercised by perceived strategic gaffes on the part of antiwar activists than by LBJ's egregious war policy. By 1968, Rustin had ceased to have any substantial presence in the antiwar movement. "Search the anti-war movement's greatest moments," D'Emilio mordantly observes, "and Rustin's absence is glaring." This absence, he argues, reflects poorly on Rustin and underlines a tragic irony. "Rustin had shaped his public career by steadfastly advancing Gandhian nonviolence and had worked in pacifist organizations for more than two decades." Yet, "as a popular mass movement was building against American military action abroad, Rustin was choosing to avoid the issue. Having stood apart...as a radical pacifist, he was now standing apart from pacifism just when a cry for peace was reaching millions."

D'Emilio attributes Rustin's diffidence to a pragmatic decision. Grateful to LBJ for delivering the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and a down payment on the Great Society, Rustin was hopeful that more—much more—would be accomplished if LBJ (or his epigone, Hubert Humphrey) could somehow retain the

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White House. Although the war made him uncomfortable, Rustin muffled his objections for the purpose of supporting what he saw as the only political vehicle immediately capable of elevating the fortunes of the black masses—the liberal, albeit misguidedly hawkish, wing of the Democratic Party.

If all that entered into an assessment of Rustin was the wisdom of this calculation, a critic would be limited to censuring him, at worst, for being unwise. But one also has to wonder whether Rustin's decision was substantially influenced by his own personal needs and ambitions. D'Emilio rejects insinuations that Rustin was a bought man, limited in what he could say by his dependence for funding, travel and security on interests that tended to be monied, hawkish, Jewish and fiercely attached to Big Labor. But evidence lurking in the margins of D'Emilio's own account provides a substantial basis for believing that the insinuations are at least partly true. After bouncing around for many years from one penurious organization to the next as a freelance organizer, Rustin finally erected an institutional home for himself in the mid-1960s by founding and directing the A. Philip Randolph Institute (ARI). Named after Rustin's towering mentor, the ARI was largely bankrolled by George Meany's AFL-CIO. That sponsorship undoubtedly imposed certain boundaries on Rustin. Meany, after all, was an aggressive supporter of anti-Communist militarism, including LBJ's war policy in Vietnam. Of course, it was possible that Rustin's own belief structure kept him well within these boundaries without any need for outside constraint. But testimony quoted by D'Emilio from a number of Rustin's friends indicates that he recognized and accepted the confines of his new institutional home with some degree of self-conscious resignation. "You get tired after a while," he said to one friend, "and you have to come home to something comfortable and something you can count on."

There are other ways as well in which D'Emilio is insufficiently probing. He applauds Rustin's cosmopolitan disdain of nationalism, perhaps especially black nationalism. Yet, without comment, D'Emilio tells us that Rustin, the founder of the Black Americans to Support Israel Committee, was unflaggingly supportive of Zionism. Since D'Emilio lauds Rustin's general distrust of nationalism as a form of tribal superstition, he should at the very least explain Rustin's very different attitude toward Jewish nationalism. Similarly, while he admiringly chronicles Rustin's pacifism (except for his evasiveness on Vietnam), D'Emilio says little about Rustin's outspoken insistence that the United States make Israel the indisputable military power in its region. D'Emilio cites Rustin's concession that the nature of his support for Israel "created a tension" with his pacifist beliefs. Yet D'Emilio refrains from probing the dimensions of this "tension" or commenting on Rustin's justification for it.

Clearly the justification was rooted in part in Rustin's genuine sympathy for Jews—a sympathy nourished by grief in the aftermath of the Holocaust, revulsion for Arab dictatorships, and friendships with the likes of Albert Shanker, Irving Howe and Max Schachtman. Rustin's expressions of sympathy also stemmed, however, from the realpolitik expressed in the aforementioned 1965 article, "From Protest to Politics." Perceiving Jews as an essential partner in the grand coalition on which he pinned his hopes for a politically ascendant and ideologically left-liberal Democratic Party, Rustin took care to indulge the sensibilities of this influential constituency.

Bayard Rustin was an exceptionally intelligent, brave and eloquent social reformer who wrestled mightily with the dilemmas that continue to bedevil progressives today. Did his gamble with the Democratic Party pay off? One cannot know for sure, of course. But it seems that the party moved him considerably more than he moved it. Intent upon gaining access to power and its attendant benefits, Rustin perhaps sacrificed too much of the authority he had accumulated over the years through his patient commitment to decent idealism. ■

Bleak Haus

MARK M. ANDERSON

THREE NOVELLAS. By Thomas Bernhard. Translated by Peter Jansen and Kenneth J. Northcott, with a foreword by Brian Evenson. Chicago. 174 pp. $25.

Though still relatively unknown in the English-speaking world, the Austrian novelist and playwright Thomas Bernhard, who died in 1989 at the age of 57, is widely recognized as one of the foremost figures in contemporary European literature. Celebrated in Europe since the early 1980s, his unmistakable prose style has marked a number of talented younger Austrian and German writers such as Lilian Faschinger (*Magdalena the Sinner*), Elfriede Jelinek (*The Piano Teacher*), Hans-Ulrich Treichel (*Lost*) and, perhaps most obviously, W.G. Sebald in his last novel, *Austerlitz*. The monomaniacal protagonists, the relentlessly unparagraphed stream of reported speech, the architectural rigor of even his wildest sentences—these peculiarities of Bernhard's prose have worked their way into the interstices of new literary forms in the German-speaking world and beyond. Even in the United States, where Bernhard's macabre humor and disregard for novelistic conventions have prevented a broader reception, he is appreciated as a writer's writer, a kindred spirit of Paul Auster, Harold Brodkey, William Gass and Jonathan Franzen.

Despite this international recognition, Bernhard is deeply Austrian in a way that few outsiders can fully appreciate; even his hatred of Austria, which was deep and longstanding, was typically Austrian. Like the Viennese turn-of-the-century political journalist and poet Karl Kraus, or the nineteenth-century regional playwright Johann Nestroy, Bernhard was a satirist whose literary genius needed the foibles and dirt of his contemporaries in order to take flight; a childlike rage and humor propelled his sentences. Sebald, who grew up in a region of Bavaria that is quite close to Bernhard's world, described the writer and his literary alter-egos as "nearly blasphemous" in their attacks on Austrian society and politics, which corresponded "neither to a model of engaged criticism nor to any concept of artistic autonomy" and therefore provoked the outrage of "conservatives and progressives in equal measure." Deeply Austrian as well is Bernhard's sense of disgust for power—especially of government and family—which always appears in his work as dirty and corrupt. In this respect he most resembles Kafka (another Austrian) and his contemporary Peter Handke, who once wrote that his own disgust for power "has nothing moral about it, [but] is a fact of my humanity, a quality of every cell in my body."

Bernhard's provocations were legion. His few public appearances to accept prizes

Mark M. Anderson, a professor of German at Columbia University, translated Thomas Bernhard's The Loser *under the pseudonym Jack Dawson.*

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for his work inevitably culminated in brief but devastating denunciations of whatever official institution was about to honor him. His play *Heldenplatz* ("Heroes' Square"), commissioned for the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Austria's national Burgtheater in 1888, focused instead on the fiftieth anniversary of the *Anschluss*, when thousands of Austrians jubilantly greeted the arrival of Hitler's troops into the capital. Politicians tried to cancel the performance and expel the author from the country. Once he suggested that all mothers should have their ears chopped off. "I said that," he explained in an interview, "because it's a mistake if people think they're bringing children into the world. That's too easy. They're having adults, not babies. They give birth to a sweaty, disgusting, pot-bellied innkeeper or a mass murderer, that's who they bring into the world, not children." Even in death Bernhard managed to slap his fellow Austrians in the face, having previously stipulated in his will that no performances of his work could take place in Austria, "however this State might constitute itself." (Loopholes have since been found to get around this prohibition.)

Three Novellas, deftly translated by Peter Jansen and Kenneth J. Northcott, provides a fascinating microcosm of the madhouse in which Bernhard found himself confined. His Austria is not Sound-of-Music Land or the alpine vistas of the travel agencies. Nature is reduced to a rotting tree or the frozen carcasses of deer buried in an avalanche; provincial life is unremittingly vulgar; state bureaucrats are meanspirited and stupid; the rare cultured individual is isolated and obsessed. At the same time, these early novellas supply us with a blueprint for the distinctive narrative style that Bernhard refined to perfection in later novels like *Wittgenstein's Nephew*, *Correction*, *The Loser* and his last novel, *Extinction*. They all make use of the prototypically Bernhardian narrator—unnamed, crafty, obsessive, above all prolix—caught in the typically Bernhardian situation of having to relate the details of an acquaintance's recent suicide, which has threatened his own existence.

Amras, first published in German in 1964 and stylistically the most fragmented, relates the Gothic tale of a family's joint suicide pact from the perspective of a surviving son. Writing in the grip of his parents' death, the narrator describes his life in his uncle's ancient tower, a dark, airless edifice that is a town landmark and serves as a metonym for his troubled family, at once refuge and curse. Much of the book is concerned with the narrator's artistic brother Walter, who also survived the family suicide pact but who, a short while afterward, throws himself from the tower and dies. For all its creepy, medieval furnishings—a 400-year-old knife that hangs on the wall of the "Black Kitchen," straw mattresses where the brothers sleep and take their meals of smoked meat, the moist darkness of the stones themselves—the tower surprisingly inspires a near-mystical experience of vision and unity. "Through the floors and walls, not only the air, we were connected most intimately to all of nature...we heard the mingling of all imaginable languages, the mingling and droning of all sounds filled our cranial cavities, which at times were completely emptied of flesh, of blood." Walter's suicide, however, puts an end to this dark ecstasy, and the narrator's voice gives way to fragmented, morbid observations about the "pornography of nature," slaughtered pigs, a woodcutter who seems more animal than human. Nothing, it seems, will keep this narrator from following the rest of his family into suicide.

Playing Watten, the second novella, has more humor and narrative cohesiveness than the first, though it paints an equally desolate portrait of nature and human relationships. The narrator here is a wealthy, successful doctor whose ordered life, including a weekly card game of "watten" at a local inn, is thrown off kilter by the suicide of one of his card partners. There are other indications of crisis, including a competitor's slander that has forced the narrator to close his practice. But the clearest sign is his inability to take his customary walks to the "rotten spruce tree" (4,000 steps) or the "gravel pit" (8,000), never mind the much further distance to the inn where he used to play watten. The brilliance of the story lies in the sheer verve and energy with which the narrator confesses to his own existential stasis, the result of his insight that social rituals like card games will not save him. "I say to the truck driver: even if I could suddenly go and play watten again, I would not go and play watten, because now I know that playing watten doesn't get you anywhere either. The years have proved to me that even playing watten doesn't get you anywhere beyond hastening you on towards total nonsense. You can play watten if you like, I say, but you will see that it doesn't lead you to anything but nonsense."

In these and similar rants, purposefully and irritatingly repeated at great length, language exists as a kind of existential drone in which individual words stop making sense. "I think we know very early on that we cannot think with our brain and cannot speak with our language, yet we go on thinking with our brain and speaking with our language all our lives." And so the narrator continues to utter his Gothic thoughts, confined to a dark hut in the woods, filling countless notes with preliminary thoughts for his unwritten scientific studies, no longer capable of tolerating even the noise he makes in the winter when he sticks his cane into the frozen snow. "Tear up the floor of the hut and you will find some horrible things," we hear him confess in the story's last sentences. "A person like me is a person full of tricks and is constantly waiting for a person who will destroy his tricks while destroying his head, dear sir."

The final novella is called *Gehen* in German, which means "to go" or "to walk" but has an etymological connection to thinking through the composite term *Gedankengang* (literally "thought path" or "way"). But look where this connection leads in Bernhard: "The person who thinks also thinks of his thinking as a form of walking, says Oehler. He says my or his or this train of thought (Gedankengang). Thus it is absolutely right to say, let's enter this thought, just as if we were to say, let's enter this haunted house." *Gehen* is riddled with this mad, haunted flow of language-walking and language-thinking. "Whereas, before Karrer went mad, I used to go walking with Oehler only on Wednesday, now I go walking—now that Karrer has gone mad—with Oehler on Monday as well." So begins a "traveling text" that reports the narrator's discussion with Oehler about their brilliant scientist friend Karrer, who, at the height of his intellectual powers, has gone mad and been hospitalized in a Vienna asylum. Unexpectedly light and playful, this philosophical ramble culminates in a wild scene in a fancy men's clothing store, where Karrer finally breaks down, berating the clerk for the shoddy quality of the trousers he has been shown ("Czechoslovakian rejects," he cries) and throwing one after the other into a huge pile like so much worthless trash.

As in many of Bernhard's works, Wittgenstein's philosophy of language seems to be the hidden ghost in this textual machine. "Oehler says: Karrer's world is his own to the same extent that it is ours. I could just as well be walking here with Karrer along Klosterneuburgerstrasse and be talking with Karrer about *you*, if you and not Karrer were in Steinhof at the moment." Wittgenstein's notion of a language world here seems to support the idea—quite crucial for Bernhard—that personal identity

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is porous, even interchangeable; that our language is never original. ("Fundamentally, everything that is said is a quotation," we read at one point where, typically, one character is quoting another.) But then, after taking us down similar "thought paths," Bernhard suddenly reverses course and affirms the exact opposite: "But in fact it is impossible that I would have acted like Karrer, says Oehler, because I am not Karrer, I *would have acted like myself*, just as *you would have acted like yourself* and not like Karrer." Back and forth, up and down, the mind paces, vainly searching for a way out of itself. The final result is madness; but before that comes a kind of respite, a tense philosophical equilibrium: "I close my eyes and lay the palms of my hands on the blanket and go back very intensely over the previous day. With a constantly increasing intensity, with an intensity that can constantly be increased.... The state of complete indifference in which I then find myself, said Karrer, is through and through a philosophical state."

In closing, one should commend the translators and the publisher for bringing these bizarre, irritating and very funny stories into English at a time when commercial presses shy away from "difficult" work in translation. (Sebald is a surprising exception, though it is unlikely his genre-defying work would have received such broad acclaim without the current vogue of Holocaust memory.) Much of Bernhard's best work consists of short stories that are still unknown in English; a dozen plays, regularly performed in Europe, including his masterful drama *Heldenplatz*, remain unseen. In a world of profit-driven literary publishing, we need unconventional, strange writers like Bernhard, who refused to toe the line. Perhaps, as he maintained, everything that is said really is a quotation. But then nobody sounds quite like Bernhard. ■

FILMS

Tokyo Story

STUART KLAWANS

LOST IN TRANSLATION • MATCHSTICK MEN

A *Love Affair* for the postcollege, flirting-with-Buddhism set, Sofia Coppola's *Lost in Translation* is a travelogue of the emotions, concerned with the deepening relationship between a playful, bored, world-famous roué and an edgily intelligent woman who doesn't keep busy enough. The roué is all-American Bill Murray, rather than *Love Affair*'s excitingly Gallic Charles Boyer; the woman, Scarlett Johansson, is considerably younger than was Irene Dunne; and the meeting place, where these voyagers temporarily float free of their attachments, is not a trans-Atlantic steamship but the Park Hyatt hotel in Tokyo. With those adjustments taken into account, though, and with the crucial substitution of color film for black and white, you might say that Coppola has done something remarkably improbable for a young filmmaker who is cool by birth. She has dreamed up a close contemporary analogy to the Leo McCarey classic, right down to its chapel scene. *Lost in Translation* turns out to be a relaxed and surprisingly chaste character study, in which a difficult-to-impossible romance takes place in a luxurious setting full of music and spiritual longing.

Spiritual longing might in fact be the film's defining element, even though Coppola has begun with a shot of Johansson's recumbent tush, which in the soft green light looks like a panty-clad hill, all lush and vernal. You know at a glance that someone will want a leisurely climb; and even without having seen the trailer, you can be sure that the someone is Murray. Economy of means: With a single image, Coppola signals that *Lost in Translation* will grow tense around the question of when and how Murray will get into bed with Johansson. And more: Since all but the most untutored moviegoers know that the age difference between these actors nearly matches that between Coppola and her father, Francis, the answer to the question would seem to entail not just plot complications but also legal issues, or maybe atavistic horror.

Who could be so clean-minded as to ignore the implications? Not Coppola. She brings the daughter-father theme right to the surface by making parenting the core subject of her characters' deepest conversation. As Johansson lies next to Murray—I will confirm that she's in bed, although I won't reveal when or how she got there—he gives her the kind of common-sense advice that a drifting twentysomething might want from a father. In an act of ventriloquistic wish-fulfillment on Coppola's part, Murray even tells her that his children are the most delightful people he could ever hope to meet. It's a lovely sentiment under any circumstances, and all the more touching when the father is horizontal beside his nubile daughter-surrogate.

But, that said, who could be so dirty-minded as to insist on an incestuous Sofia-Francis reading of *Lost in Translation*, when the characters spend less time in bed than they do riding the Park Hyatt elevators? Johansson and Murray also visit karaoke bars, game arcades and Buddhist temples, contemplate flower arrangements and neon signs, sit around in still more bars and then wonder aloud about how seriously to take a book titled *A Soul's Search*. Of course the possibility of sex continues to hover as they do these things; but the opportunity is also continually edged aside, since these characters are smart enough to know that sex is a way to lose themselves, and what they really want is to get their bearings from each other. *Lost in Translation* is about the dislocation of these two people—in Tokyo, but also in the course of their lives.

The dislocation seems all the more absurd for Murray because of his superior height, which makes him stand out like a landmark in every scene. Like a landmark, he is pointed at, photographed and gathered under, not just because of his size but because he is playing the role of Bob Harris, a Hollywood star who has come to Japan to endorse a brand of whiskey and collect $2 million. This circumstance would make some men feel secure in the world—and yet Murray spends most of the film gazing down with muted, baggy-eyed astonishment. Already weary from travel when he comes onto the scene, then further undermined by insomnia and drink—"The good news," he says, "is the whiskey works"—he greets most situations with a reptilian blink, a swallow (as the initial wisecrack slides down his throat) and then a quietly voiced rejoinder, the import of which is generally "Get me out of here."

Johansson is more vocal. As Charlotte—a woman who has been left on the loose while her husband works day and night—she weeps over her confusion, treats her husband's friends as idiots and marvels aloud at what a *pathetic* midlife crisis Murray is having. Most actresses would be insufferable in the role; but Johansson, whose plush-lipped smile can be wide and knowing at once, has a way of softening Char-

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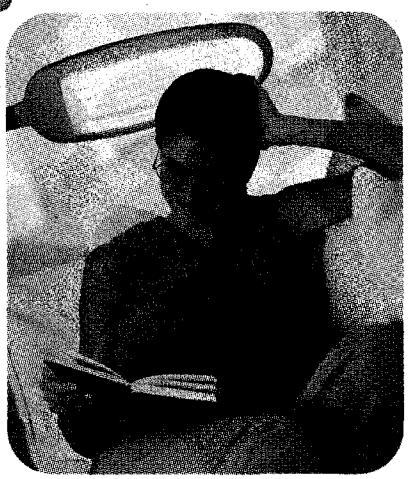

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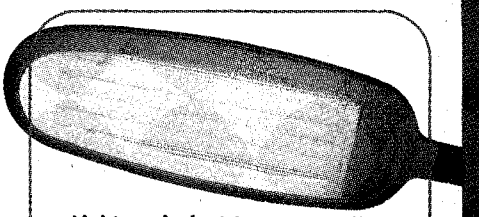

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lotte's aggression, whether it's directed at others or herself. She lets you see that she teases people, or flat-out insults them, mostly out of despair about herself; you see that she lets herself despair only to the point where she'd need to tease herself. Like other young people who are getting a late start in life, Charlotte has good reason to feel troubled; but her sense of the ridiculous prevents her from becoming fully engaged even with her own unhappiness. How bad is she allowed to feel, when she's got a Yale degree, a five-star hotel and the hippest bars in Tokyo?

So there's a delicacy, a reserve, to Johansson's character, which melds beautifully with Murray's air of reluctant resignation. (He knows the Buddha's Four Noble Truths require him to abandon his desires—he knows his body is starting to make the same demand—but the devil in his ear keeps whispering, "Not yet.") *Lost in Translation* is the unexpectedly involving story of how these two people start to play with each other—and play seriously—in a wonderland of colored lights, pop music and indecipherable writing that they find incomprehensible.

As a director, Coppola is especially good at the colored lights and pop music part. With the help of cinematographer Lance Acord (who also shot *Being John Malkovich*), she makes her tourist's Tokyo into a true floating world. She is less good when the characters need to come back to earth. Coppola has the bad habit of cutting scenes short just when the actual decisions would have to be made—when Johansson, after a distressing phone call, would need to figure out how and why to stop weeping, or when Murray would need to accept or reject the slapstick advances of a prostitute who has come to his room. *Lost in Translation* suffers from too many such magical nontransitions; but it's rescued because Johansson and Murray carry through the thought, even when Coppola fails to.

She is, by the way, 32 years old and has succeeded beyond all reasonable expectations in making a movie that's droll, wistful, dreamy and (in its last moments) bracingly sober. It's as gorgeously strange as Tokyo itself that someone of Coppola's generation should want to make such a picture. It's as heartening, and as sweetly melancholy, as *Lost in Translation* that she should feel nostalgic while doing so. "I wanted the movie to feel...like a memory," she has said, and so she chose to shoot on film rather than digital video. "Film might not be around that long, so we wanted to shoot on film while we still can."

There, if you're searching for it, is the real daughter-father romance.

The new Warner Bros. release *Matchstick Men* also involves a father-daughter story, an explicit one; and since the film stars Nicolas Cage (a showboating contrast to the brilliant but disciplined Murray), I wanted to see how it would play. Besides, Ridley Scott directed the picture. You can never predict which Scott will show up on the set—the one who made *Blade Runner* and *Thelma & Louise*, or the guy responsible for *G.I. Jane*—but with him, there's always the chance of a real movie coming out.

In this case, I'd say the results amount to three-fourths of a real movie. *Matchstick Men* is the story of a con artist (Cage) who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder—lots of little rituals, lots of housecleaning and facial tics—and lives alone, risking normal human contact only when he buys his cigarettes and canned tuna at the supermarket. (He favors a particular cashier, who he thinks is pretty.) After he's been through a particularly bad spell, which interrupts his work in swindling Los Angeles homeowners, his partner in crime (Sam Rockwell) refers him to a psychiatrist, who in turn gets him to contact Angela (Alison Lohman), the 14-year-old daughter he's never seen. She turns out to be a normal young woman, except for a talent

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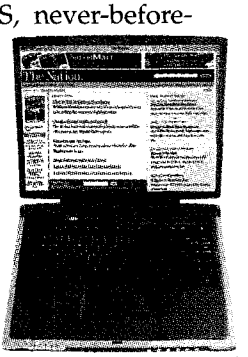

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(perhaps inherited) for the kind of play-acting that relieves people of their money.

Even if you're as bad at plots as I am, you will surely figure out the story long before the last con has been played and the final character triple-crossed. That's the ersatz 25 percent of the film most of which has been tacked unmercifully onto the end. (The rest of the phoniness is the vintage Rat Pack music, which is fashionable these days but which Cage's character would never listen to.) The genuine movie may be found in Cage's performance as a quick-tongued, utterly joyless man and in the high-gloss setting that Scott provides for him. If you think Hollywood professionalism is itself a con, then that won't be enough for you. If you realize how rarely such professionalism is seen anymore, then (at current box-office rates) you'll feel cheated out of only $2.50. ■

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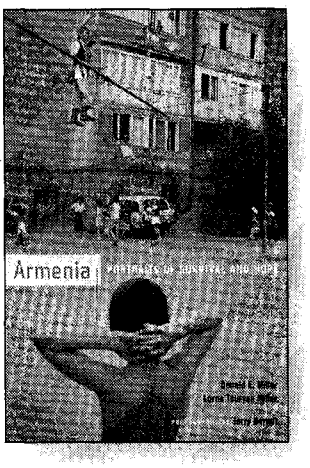

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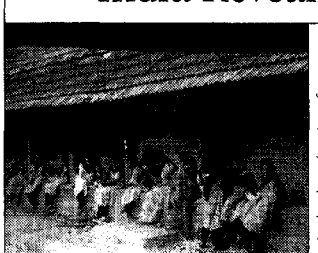

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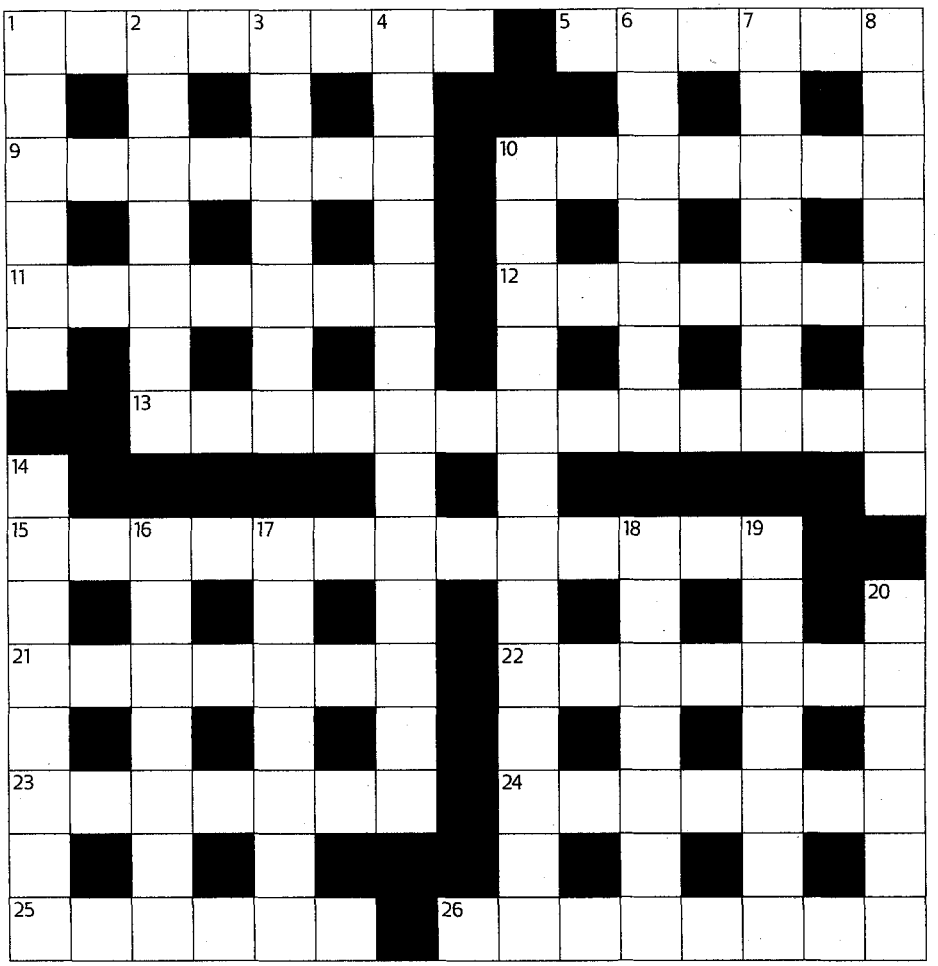

ACROSS

1 Certainly not a quick example of such as 26 across, the way Dad wooed so awkwardly! (4,4)

5 Keep quiet! What might have a tightening effect is about the end of you! (4,2)

9 It could be a cane has a dismal end, little account being taken back and forth. (7)

10 Part of the car is equivalent to a metric ton to the French. (7)

11 Committing a sin, according to some, with two points competing hard. (7)

12 A broken cleat is, but you can pull such things easily. (7)

13 It involves issuing again such as "America" when a country loses its head. (13)

15 Does one feel good when one feels bad? (13)

21 Parts of some fences usually carry signs. (7)

22 Is a sort of sex about to take care of things in stretches? (7)

23 Its atomic number is 77, but I'd take one to heart, when I have the spirit for it. (7)

24 Can a broken log be so like a ball? (7)

25 Is an ionizing radiation counted by this like a violin-player to Hans, perhaps? (6)

26 Bats and skis from these—a growing collection of trash where one has to look the wrong way? (3,5)

DOWN

1 Isn't it a bit more wet, to be important for the draft? (6)

2 Omnipresent, but still finished up! (3,4)

3 Part of the lamp when one gets up, according to "the home of the brave." (7)

4 Might it have a leaf taken out of the wedding register… (6,7)

6 …or is this a much smaller flower? (7)

7 Miss West finally made somewhat of a stir within the association of artists! (7)

8 What predators might be doing when a little work comes up with an uncivil beginning, ending up very badly. (8)

10 Historically, it's one thing, but being elderly, I passed these years ago! (3,6,4)

14 With a window on this, are you "just looking" (or this mad with a point!)? (8)

16 At least one day turned out fine for this composer. (7)

17 An opening crack concerning the last of the lucre ending up as a sinful thing. (7)

18 Perhaps an anthem going into it, which is about right! (7)

19 Do you feel sorry for someone this way, having to play a trick on politician Robert? (7)

20 Leading men in the theater? (6)

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/about/crossword.mhtml.

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D	R	I	V	E	A	B	A	R	G	A	I	N		
T		I		E		R		T		N		L		C
E	N	V	Y		S	T	A	S	H		D	I	V	A
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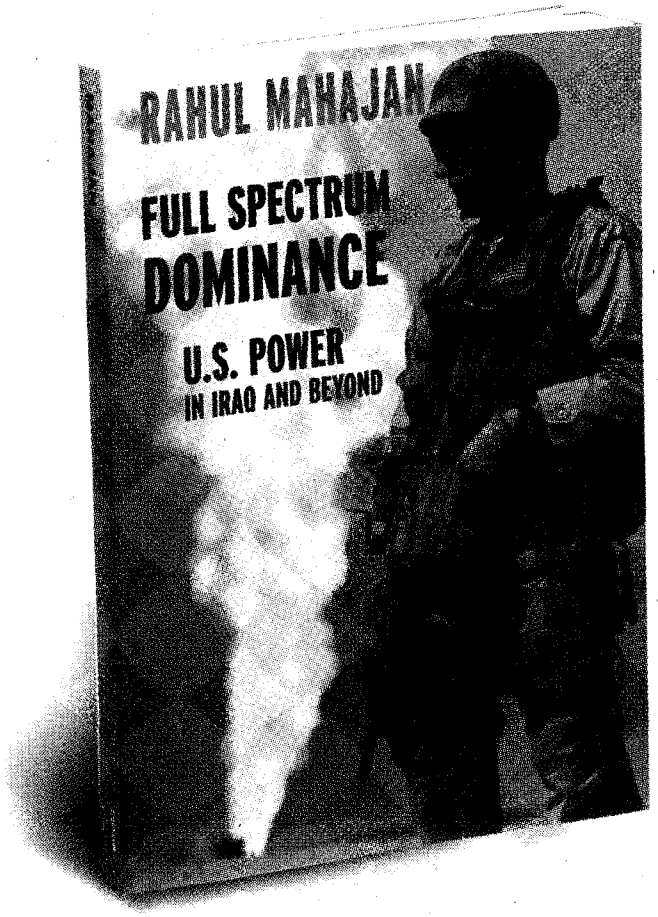

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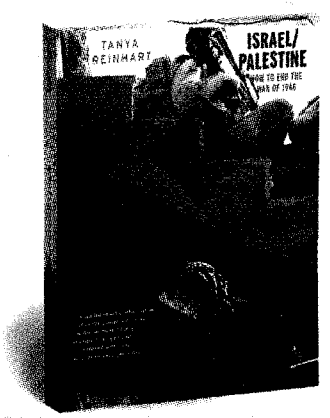

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